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# MIRROR



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# *The Window*

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BY GEORGE S. DE MARE

THE chimes of Trinity Church tolled somberly ten o'clock. Their mellow gongngng, gongngng seemed to come from former days, and it was as if the watchman walked through cobbled streets, crying drowsily: "Ten o'clock and all's well, ah, ten o'clock and all's well. . . ."

Tonight, Jonathan thought, was a reincarnated night, a night that should have happened in other days. God had mislaid it. He had inadvertently picked up an old, used, worn-out night of the eighteenth century and shoved it into 1932 in Boston. Thus it was that it carried such an old charm, such a flavour of the rose-scented past; thus it was that it remained so quiet and that even electric lights, and cars that purred by, and the sound of horns and sirens could not make themselves real or vivid—they belonged to 1932, the night belonged to 1791.

Boston on Brimmer Street is too old anyway. Its houses are the colonial type, the red brick, square latticed-windowed houses with their peculiar door and lantern. One expected to see "Ye Olde" something-or-other written above.

Jonathan Harvey was particularly influenced by such things. Being an author, he felt moods like this quickly, and he should never have lived in a house on Brimmer Street on a mislaid night of 1932.

When he heard those chimes, he knew that he had slipped into the past; he knew instantly that something would happen. Nevertheless, as an author, he must grind out his daily article and endeavor to do a little work on his novel, so he sat down at his table and gazed into his mirror. That mirror had never ceased to disconcert Jonathan. It hung on the wall just above his writing table and looked like a window, so that often, when he raised his head,

he had a momentary impression as of someone looking into the window at him. This mirror reflected Jonathan's desk with its five little ivory elephants and its seven erasers and its ink-stand and plume pen, and fountain pen and Bible and lamp. It reflected him when he wrote, and showed him as he laboriously frowned or thoughtfully smiled over his work. Jonathan had often observed himself, long and intimately, in the mirror. He had wriggled his pen this way and that, pretending to write, meanwhile trying to follow his movements in the mirror. He often made the little elephants appear to walk in the mirror by some ingenious shadow play. The mirror cast a spell on him. When he wrote, his characters seemed to act their parts in that mirror. The mirror even portrayed his thoughts—a disgusting thing for a mirror to do.

Tonight, as he sat at his desk, with only the shaded lamp to half light the room and leave a million shadows lying about under the bed and near the bureau, he decided to write. On the table his elephants threw long shadows. Jonathan wrote. A drowsy quiet pervaded; outside a car purred by; the curtains rustled. Jonathan's pen scratched and he said "Damn" softly and absently. The writing continued; the shadows continued; the stillness continued. Once he looked up and met his face in the mirror. "Looks just like a window," he thought quickly for the hundredth time; then he bent over and wrote some more. Soon the writing died down and finally ceased. Jonathan glanced up again for a renewal of ideas, and, peering into the mirror, thought: "Looks just like a window." No new ideas renovated his imagination, and he fell idly to speculating that the mirror resembled a window. When he had exhausted this thought, he put his head in his hands and lay still. The chimes struck eleven. Jonathan counted thirteen, then decided he must have made an error. It was probably twelve. He pulled out his watch which said eleven. "One of us must be wrong," he reflected drowsily, "yes, one of us must be wrong." These weary thoughts feebly concluded that perhaps the chimes were wrong, and thereafter dismissed the subject. At length Jonathan raised his heavy

head and peered into the shadowy depths of the mirror. "Looks just like a window," he muttered, then, recollecting that this reflection was not original, he smiled palely to himself. A logical idea followed his conviction that the mirror resembled a window: why not climb through it? He rose sleepily. . . .and got up on the desk. He put his hand through the mirror, or window (he had forgotten which was which). It seemed to be a window, for it led outside. So, with great care and a peculiar joy in his heart, he stepped quietly through the window and let himself down on the other side.

## II

As his feet touched the ground, he heard the sleepy voice of a night watchman cry: "Eleven o'clock and all's well, ah, eleven o'clock and all's. . . ." He hastily adjusted his laces which had caught on the sill of the window, then turned and gazed to right and left. He found himself in a little court, back of his house. The gate opened into a narrow, dirty alley through which he made his way gingerly. At the corner he noted with vague surprise by the light of a sagging lamp that the street seemed narrower and was cobbled. However, Jonathan had no time for such reflections. He was in a hurry to go to wherever he was going, so he walked noisily to the corner of Brimmer street and on, turning into Charles street. Charles street was gaily alight with many lamps and from a tavern near the bakery issued the usual sounds of brawling and cursing. "These wine bibbers," reflected Jonathan as he hastened along. . . . "ought to be arrested; indeed but they are ill-awake at such an hour."

When Jonathan reached the Square, he remembered where he was bound. "To the Balfour ball, of course." The next corner brought him in sight of the splendid Balfour house. A thousand torches and lanterns sent the shadows scurrying; sounds of music filled the air, and coaches were drawn up along the curb. For a second Jonathan watched the grandes dames descend and hurry into the magic light. "Huge moths around the candles," he smiled to himself, and decided he would use that for next morning's article.



"What article?" he wondered, but dismissed this meaningless question. As he leaned against a pillar in the shadow of the high fence, two voices struck his ears with remarkable clearness. At first he could not perceive whence they came, but suddenly he noticed that he stood under a balcony and it was from this that the voices whispered.

"Henry," murmured a lady's tone—an exquisite tone that Jonathan had oftentimes dreamed of, "Henry, I have often wished that I could go into the future and see how this arrant world will be.... Would it not be marvelous if one might skip two hundred years, if we might see how you and George and I made history, or changed it?" The man's voice replied laughingly: "I would indeed go anywhere with you, Mistress Isabella, even into the future...."

"Ah! but Henry, you are never serious, and tonight, I do not know, it is a strange night, a night not of 1791 but of some other later day. It seems to me that this night has been mislaid and God hath put it before its time. This is a night of...let us say....1932, which somehow was mixed up and came in this 1791....Now do you think me crazy, Henry? I know you think me mad—I see it in your eyes."

"It is I who am mad, Isabella, mad for you...."

The lady laughed.

"Ah, you rogue!" she exclaimed. "It is no use philosophizing with you,—but I do not care. I know, I know God mixed his nights."

Jonathan drifted away, a curious feeling in the pit of his stomach. The bit of conversation stirred him oddly; it made him think of a mirror, or a window, or something. Yes, a window, a little window into... well, into the past...

The hall sparkled with the laughter of lovely ladies and the witticisms of gallant gentlemen. White shoulders shook coquettishly, white arms gesticulated, and often pink blushes waved over maidenly cheeks. Four gentlemen stood in a group by the curtains at the entrance of the ball room.

Lady Balfour greeted Jonathan kindly, but with a puzzled expression on her beautiful face.

"You have come a long way, Mr. Harvey?" she asked. "We hardly expected to see you tonight. But it was good of you to come."

Jonathan admitted he had come a great distance, and after one or two badly turned compliments drifted into the ball-room. He nodded once or twice to some couples and exchanged greetings with Sir Michael Atherton, though he did not remember having met the baronet before. Everyone appeared to know Jonathan. He watched a dance, then went out on the balcony. Summer englamoured and perfumed the night. A rosebush, endeavoring to climb the balcony, had missed and caught the lattice of a window; from this height three large white roses hung swooning in the tepid air. Jonathan leaned thoughtfully on the rail. An odd mood was upon him. Some cloudy thrill bewitched his heart. A night...a ball...long ago...the year 1791...What was he doing here? A window...

Suddenly some person broke into his solitude. A woman of exquisite beauty entered the balcony. At first she did not perceive him, leaning there in the darkness. He watched her, fascinated,—her creamy face, her strange green eyes, red lips, her auburn hair dressed high upon the shapely head. Her small waist, round throat and white shoulders—this was the girl he had dreamed of so often. She evidently thought she was alone, for she murmured:

“I wish I could escape, oh! I wish I could escape!”

Jonathan stirred and the lady swung around.

“I beg, nay, implore your pardon, Mistress,” exclaimed Jonathan.

She gazed into Jonathan’s face a bit angrily, but answered:

“Nay, sir, there is no cause for pardon.”

Whereupon she turned her back to him, manifestly signifying dismissal. Jonathan remarked all at once, for no reason whatsoever:

“Strange, is it not, how God got his nights mixed?”

The lady spun around again.

“You know too?” she cried.

“Yes,” answered Jonathan. “I...tonight is 1791, tomorrow will be...”

“Yes,” she whispered, “tomorrow we shall all have been dead near two hundred years...oh! yesterday we were dead—we were the days long ago, in that long, long pattern of days and nights. Ah! how could God have been so careless! One night we come back, we live, we dance,—one night! Tomorrow, tomorrow we shall have been dead two hundred years...”

Suddenly Jonathan perceived. That was what had happened. Long ago, a night of 1932 had been inserted in the chain of nights of 1791. He had come to life that night, he and all of his contemporaries. On one night, somewhere back in the dim past, there had existed electric lights, machines... that night had passed and the steady chain of history had gone thereafter unbroken. But one night had been used up. God had to insert another in its empty place. Thus it was that Jonathan stood here in 1791. He had saved himself by stepping through that window. He would have to step back before morning, or... or... he would be in the pattern of two hundred years ago... tomorrow he would be dead, be lost, be buried in the long, long past...

Jonathan quickly reached into his waistcoat pocket for the huge watch. It said five minutes to twelve. They had five minutes before morning. He looked at the marvelous face of the lady standing opposite him.

"In five minutes, Isabella, we shall be the dead past! But I can save you! I know a way... quick... get your cloak! No time must be lost! Quick,—a window into the future...."

The two hurried through the glittering ball. A minuet... charm, gallantry, 1791... They hastened into the reception room—four minutes... Without hat, or stick, they ran into the mild August night. Jonathan walked quickly, the lady on his arm, thinking furiously. Would they make it? What a glorious woman! What a glorious night! And they would be married, she and he. He would wed a grande dame of 1791, the most marvelously beautiful woman of bygone days.

They turned down Charles street. Several drunkards were singing. The "Jolly Mariner" flared with lights. A man lay unconscious against the wall. Two sailors lurched around the corner and their laughter rang strangely through the night—lucky wretches! there would be no tomorrow for them, they would never awake with a bad headache... they would be the long ago days of 1791.

"This way, Isabella dearest," urged Jonathan, and they turned panting into Brimmer street. Sure enough the little window was there, wide open... the window into the Future. Jonathan again consulted his watch: two minutes to twelve. In the court yard, propped against the fence, was a ladder, rotten and old, but useful.



# *Night Out*

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BY WARREN BEACH

ONE hot night, while we were visiting some friends, we decided to cross over into Wisconsin and cool off over a stein or two. A road, so called, consisting of a series of bumps and curves, led us to the little one car ferry at Oshi. The churning of its single small gasoline engine set our hearts throbbing, and the dark, mucky waters told us tales of a once actively prospering lumber camp.

On the other side a winding road tried its best to throw us in the ditch; the woods grasped at us with long, black fingers; the hot air held us by the throat; the dust of our wheels pursued us. Abruptly we jumped ahead and shot out between vast glaciers of waving grain silvered by the grey night. Hill upon hill, glacier upon glacier rolled away from us, surmounted by great crags, great angular, black barns ready to precipitate themselves upon us. A Macbethian moon played hide and seek, riding along beside us, sometimes hidden in clouds, now on this side, now on that, as we followed the numerous bends of a yellow snake's back.

There it was at last, a great white block with blue front paws and yellow splotches, attacked by an army of black beetles. We rolled up in just another black beetle; our dusty wake caught up to us, engulfed us, and swirled us gasping into a world of harsh, multicolored angles. A huge circular beast with a purple face and a quadruple chin manoeuvred in front of each one of us a huge stein of amber beer. Now to a throb, throb, throbbing, sharp angular puppets got up and danced. Some had red lips and blue, black eyes; some had pasty cheeks and yellow necks; but they all jigged, jogged, slithered, swished to an oompah, oompah throbbing in their souls. Now we were puppets with jointless limbs, moving across smooth surfaces in circles of never varying size. A thousand stars

were shining in our eyes, and a thousand eyes with reptilian lethargy went by without noticing that we were jointless puppets, a conglomeration of curves, in whose souls was a windmill making us go round in never varying circles. Now we were turning round and round on our chairs, while four angular puppets were chanting a monotonous, meaningless, high pitched wan, wang, wan. Tall angular puppets were leaning against a black and nickel surface, smacking yellow black lips, looking down at short angular puppets with red lips, emitting harsh laughs. A hush; then a huge series of rotundities rolled its eyes, waved fat, jointless arms in never varying circles, and sang in wavy altitudes of false notes. Triangles slapped triangles in a staccato clap, clack, clap. Our host described a circle of correct size dropping a couple of green squares into the ham-like paw of a huge circular beast with a purple face and a quadruple chin.

We rushed out into the night; black hands gave us strong joints; black hands rolled away a thousand circles of never varying size.

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### *Reincarnation*

BY WILLIAM L. NUTE, JR.

As shades of evening gently fall  
O'er graceful spire and verdant lawn,  
The mellow curfew's stately toll  
Chimes forth, recalling what is gone.

Ring on, sweet bell! For many a year  
Thou hast thy solemn part well played;  
To new surroundings now must bear  
Thine air of reverence, ne'er to fade.

Thou art the ghost of Chapel dead,  
The voice of that which is no more;  
And round thee cluster, deep inbred,  
The sacred memories of yore.

# Traveling Companions

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BY CHARLES M. GARTH

S OMEBODY called me "good old Charlie" the other day. I answered that I was neither very good nor very old, particularly not very old. In my short life, however, it has been necessary, say I, with a delightful feeling of proud condescension, to travel a great deal, and I dislike it. I love the idea, but the discomforts annoy me, and to allay them, I turn to people. I can get along very well with anybody I don't know.

Last spring, due to this wonderful climate, as I got on the train in Boston to go to Florida, I was sniffing (with a cold), and despite the fact that there was a charming young lady from Milton, and so naive, sleeping beneath me, I dwelt in the low grounds of sorrow, inflaming my sore sinus with vile coal dust.

The next afternoon (and here the story begins), after we had left Charleston, where *mon amie* got off, we plunged into a sticky, black mist, the smoke of a pine forest afire, not an unusual thing. Sitting in the midst of this with weeping eyes, I played solitaire, whereupon the hero entered.

His clothes were not of the latest cut, and he wore a peculiar cap on the side of his head (really in a unique manner, which I have since imitated). His face was benevolent, but easily proclaimed him as belonging to the proletariat (filthy people), but the most exciting part of him was his accent. It was New York, very East Side, and though from now on he's going to talk a great deal, I can't imitate that, and so you must bear it in mind.

His conversation ran on the following general lines: that this was his thirtieth trip from Boston to Florida in the last two months; that he used to always be slicking himself up, but that he decided it was an unnecessary trouble; that he realized how boring it was to

play solitaire, alone, and, sympathizing with my ailments, suggested that we embark upon a game, entitled Katrina, that he felt sure even a child could comprehend.

After many promptings and kind grimaces I did comprehend, and we stole Katrina most hilariously all the way to Jacksonville.

There I had dinner. I don't know where he went, but when I returned to the train, there had sprouted out all over the coach the sign:

"Passengers are urged to use discretion in playing cards with strangers." A delicate attention indeed, prompted, I believed, by the altruistic motives of a charmingly maternal old man at the other end of the car.

As I stepped off the train again (you know how you like to pace up and down the station platform, waiting for the train to go), *voilà*, my friend of the accent. He was in a deep Spanish conversation with a Filipino club car boy. But when he saw me, he approached, bearing a sign like the ones I had seen in the car. With a quizzical expression he wondered if it was meant for him or for me. There followed a tale of blood and gore, in a very East Side accent, about card sharks and their ways of trade. I was thrilled,—but he said he was not a card shark.

I enquired into his knowledge of Spanish, and as we left Jacksonville, he told me of his younger days, how he had been in the army in the Philippines, the nature of the land and people, grewsome methods by which the Filipinos made themselves so fierce in battle, how he had come back and joined the police force in New York.

All this was leading up to the grand climax, but it was not yet late enough, nor yet old enough was our acquaintance. Due to his desire to indulge himself in that filthy weed, tobacco, we thereupon adjourned to the smoking room, where a very presentable man (who has nothing to do with the story), told me, upon learning that I was studying at the Andover Theological Cemetery, that he, great man, had graduated from our bold true-hearted rival school, Exeter, to which he attributed the secret of his success (pink toothbrush).

But as my unimpeachable chronometer showed the advanced

hours of the night to be approaching; all were now asleep, "nothing was stirring, not even a mouse," except me, my friend of the Philippine war, and, I suppose, the porter, who dared breathe in some dark spot.

"Dark spot" is a nice name for a porter, isn't it? You know I was reading not long ago in the papers about a porter that went mad, and threw all the luggage out of the windows. Our porter was, however, not violently offensive, but annoyingly stupid, as will be shown.

You see the train was two hours late, and as we were due to get to Ormond Beach, my destination, at 11 o'clock, this put it off till one o'clock and my good company finally disclosed his bosom:

I was a school boy who could do him no harm, but who would be duly thrilled to know I had met such a one, when I read detective stories, for he was a sort of detective.

After being in the New York police service he had become a Federal narcotic agent; he was working thus now. He told me of the vice rings in New York, about narcotic smugglers, about the people who take dope, about his work,—then,—vanity, vanity, all is vanity,—he showed me newspaper clippings about himself,—he had a whole book of them at home! Miami was his home, and he had a motor boat, and a wife, and he was a good man.

The train stopped, but for nothing more romantic than to hurry me off into the darkness.

The train started, a not inexplicable phenomenon, and I had been put off by the stupid porter, at the wrong station; the train, the hero, disappeared from my life, but romance now entered. There was a rustling in the bushes; I was face to face with an enormous lion! But from my contact with the great man, I had learned courage; I had learned that "adversity, like the venomous toad, bears yet a precious jewel in its head"; I raised my bumbleshute, I let the ferocious beast have it; with what fury I pronounced that noble pronoun "it!" Happily, to the Isles of the Blessed, that lion departed; he had "it".

But this isn't how Ring told me to write this, and if I want this virile, majestic piece of writing published, I must go by the rules. (Don't do anything I wouldn't do.)

As I was for the first time being shown through Pompeii, I remember another traveling companion, a Mr. Brown. After in-



specting that impressive city of the dead, he turned to the guide, a young Italian, "Hey, buddie! what d'you call this place?"

"Pompeii," was the answer.

"Why what done this, anyhow?"

Vesuvius was indicated by a graceful sweep of the hand.

"That thing!" said Mr. Brown incredulously. "That thing!"

But my *plus jolie compagnon de voyage* was Mrs. Smith, an oil millionairess by accident. One day in Athens, as we were at the same table, awaiting tiffin, I said,

"The Parthenon, Mrs. Smith, was it not wonderful?"

"Parthenon? Parthenon?" in a weary tone. "I didn't see no Parthenon. I'm all wored out. I spent the morning walkin' over something they call the Acropolis; I guess I'll see the Parthenon this afternoon."

Thereupon, perusing the menu, "Huh, I see we're going to have some more of that 'fromage ice cream'."

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## Eels

BY ALEXIS THOMPSON

(With no apologies whatsoever to Joyce Kilmer)

I think that I shall never feel,  
An object lovely as an eel;

An eel who sleeps in soggy slime.  
A slithery, slippery, snake sublime.

An eel who may in summer squirm  
And slip and slide, a wondrous worm,

Who through the ooze so softly slips,  
Slowly smacking scaly lips.

Spineless, shiny, shimmering, sleek,  
He slinks away, a finny freak.

Fools like me like beef and veal,  
But only God could love an eel.

# *A Pot Pourri of Politics*

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BY CHARLES S. WOOLSEY

**A**NDOVER students as a whole are far more interested in campus than in national politics. Their "abysmal ignorance" of the latter, in fact, is astonishing. The most intelligent remark that most of them can think up about the subject is "You don't think Hoover is to blame for the depression, do you?" or "He would do something if they left him alone." Just what, they do not quite know, but they retain great faith that our president, "the great engineer", will yet run the country elsewhere than on the proverbial rocks. If a vote were taken in the school now upon the general preference between Mr. Hoover and any Democrat, I have no doubt that the president would be the overwhelming winner. Virtually all of the students come from families that vote for that mythical creature, "the best man", who is almost invariably the Republican nominee. Furthermore, *The Boston Herald*, a bigotedly partisan Republican paper and the one most generally read around the school, strengthens the opinion of those few who take the trouble to glance at the editorial page that the Republican party is the only one suited to run the country during the present depression. In view of this obvious lack of knowledge of the two parties, the issues and prominent candidates, and the fact that a presidential year is at hand, I think that a few remarks, anent the national political situation, however lacking in news value they might be, would not be misplaced.

Although the political power, received through federal patronage, insures Mr. Hoover's renomination, most observers believe, his re-election is a very different matter. There are several reasons for this. First of all, of course, is the depression. Probably you agree with a writer in a recent issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*

who claims that no party is responsible for "the conditions which arose". That seems fair enough. By the same logic, however, we may arrive at the conclusion that "Cagey Cal" was not responsible for "the conditions which arose" in the late lamented years of "unparalleled prosperity". The Republicans cannot eat their cake and have it too, as most of them are now discovering. If they credit themselves with prosperity, they must likewise shoulder the depression. Other causes, however, must be sought to understand the extreme discontent which now exists in regard to the national administration. Foremost of these is the Hawley-Smoot tariff act, a Republican brainchild, which, stagnating our foreign trade, is now generally recognized as a menace to our return to normalcy. Opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment, which Mr. Hoover terms "an experiment noble in purpose", but which is a breeder of gangs, lawlessness, and rank hypocrisy and corruption in government, is being expressed by a steadily increasing number of "wet" votes. The Federal Farm Board, which Mr. Hoover has given his full support, with its inevitable tendency to discourage private competitors, has been likened to "the skunk at the lawn party". In 1928 the people voted for bigger and better homes, "the abolition of poverty", full dinner pails, and two car garages, as opposed to Catholicism, Tammany Hall, "raddio", and Mrs. Smith. In 1932, many believe, the electorate will express its disapproval of empty promises, the depression, the high tariff, prohibition, and Republican smugness.

If, then, Mr. Hoover enters the next campaign handicapped for these very obvious reasons, the natural conclusion to draw is that the Democratic nominee, for the first time in sixteen years, will have an excellent chance of winning. There are any number of Democrats who would like to lead the party next year. At present, however, the choice seems to lie between two of them, Governor Roosevelt of New York, and Newton Diehl Baker of Ohio, whose careers I will briefly discuss.

Governor Roosevelt's path to success has been an abnormally steep and rocky one for one who has gone as far as he has. Defeat



is not unknown to him. But he has come through a quarter of a century in the political limelight with a multitude of staunch friends and remarkably few enemies. His first "coup d' état" was his marriage to the niece of the great Theodore Roosevelt, a distant cousin of his, who gave away the bride. A popular farm relief program won him a seat in the New York senate in 1910. Since then he has been a marked figure in public life. A successful fight to bar from the senate "blue-eyed Billie" McSheehan, a Tammany potentate, was followed by his enthusiastic espousal of Woodrow Wilson's nomination and election, which gained for him the position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy. To him and not to Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the navy, goes the credit for the efficiency with which that branch of the government was run during the World War. In 1920 Mr. Roosevelt, running as a candidate for vice-president with Cox as the party leader, went down to a smashing defeat.

In 1922, when Mr. Roosevelt was afflicted with infantile paralysis, many thought that his political life had come to a close. Nevertheless, after a few years of arduous work in a successful attempt to regain his health, Mr. Roosevelt became a candidate for Governor of New York when his close friend, "Al" Smith, wanted a strong man to head the New York state ticket. In the same election that "Al", idol of thousands and four times Governor of New York, suffered an overwhelming defeat in his own state, "Frank" won with a majority of twenty-five thousand. Two years later he was re-elected with a record plurality of nearly three quarters of a million. Since then he has enjoyed a distinct lead over all of the other Democratic presidential candidates. His foes insist that he has been too lenient with Tammany Hall during the last two years. This is probably true to a small extent. Unfortunately a Democratic Governor of New York must have a certain amount of support from Tammany if he wishes to have much legislation enacted. No one doubts the personal integrity of the Governor. But in any event it is likely that he will emerge as the anti-Tammany candidate before 1932. Wet enough to appeal to the east, a Wilsonian and sufficiently liberal to satisfy the south and west, the possessor of an illustrious name, Governor Roosevelt is popular in every group of the Democratic party. His chances of becoming the next president can hardly be overestimated.

If, however, Roosevelt does fail to be nominated, the man most likely to defeat him, political observers agree, is Newton D. Baker of Cleveland, Ohio. The latter's strength was clearly revealed in a recent poll made by *The Outlook and Independent* of Democratic editors, a majority of whom favored Baker although they expected Roosevelt as the party nominee. This is especially noteworthy in view of the fact that Mr. Baker has held no political office since 1920. The chief reason, of course, is his remarkable record as Secretary of War. For, although he was not very popular at the time, Mr. Baker now seems fated to go down into history as possibly the greatest Secretary of War which the United States has ever had. An ardent supporter of the League of Nations, Mr. Baker is also considered the greatest orator in the Democratic party. Furthermore, although he is classed as a liberal, he is more acceptable to "big business" than is Mr. Roosevelt, whose stand on such questions as public versus private ownership of power has far greater appeal throughout the west and northwest than has Mr. Baker's less radical viewpoint. Except for two years as Mayor of Cleveland Mr. Baker has held no political office other than Secretary of War. He is sixty years old, while Governor Roosevelt is not yet fifty.

Both Governor Roosevelt and Mr. Baker are lawyers. The latter is unquestionably less of a politician. This may or may not be a good feature. Both are very popular in their own states and come from states very useful to win in a presidential election. At present it seems highly probable that a Wilsonian Democrat in the person of one of these two very excellent gentlemen will occupy the White House for at least four years beginning March fourth, 1933.

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## *Paine's Finance or Finance's Pain*

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A STUDY OF WALL STREET BY WINGATE H. PAINE

**I**N the fall of 1929 the stock-market took a turn for the worse. In fact, it took several turns. In the first week a window-jumper knew that, no matter where he headed for, jumping head first was preferable to feet first—it was surer—he would land on the front page of every New York newspaper. In a very short time,

however, he simply passed into oblivion, as far as he or anyone else was concerned. People going along Broadway and Wall Street furtively sneaked from doorway to doorway; taxicabs kept to the middle of the street. An ardent song-writer was inspired to compose that great song hit—everyone was hard hit then—“Running Between the Window-Jumpers”. Offices in the taller buildings grew in popularity, and business men competed with the stock-market in falling quickly and from great heights. No one will forget the look on Al Smith’s face when he said: “My only regret is that the Empire State building was finished a year too late.”

The fall of the stock-market and the fall of 1929 passed, but with the spring of 1930 came no spring in the stock-market. In fact, it kept on falling. For seasons may come and seasons may go, but the stock-market keeps falling forever.

At once wise people collected their scattered and depleted fortunes, or at least those who had anything to collect but bills, and put it in banks. Everything seemed to be all quiet on the Wall Street front then till the banks, tired of being different, began to fail and crash with such rapidity that residents of New York thought that either Al Capone or the German Imperial Army had moved in. Men who had gone through the battle of the Marne without a quiver, shuddered and turned pale at the terrific bombardment.

People walked about in a rather dazed fashion, wondering how they could have thought the World War history’s greatest disaster. It was a common occurrence to hear a mournful voice say: “Harry? He took the plunge way back in December. There isn’t much of the old gang left now. Only Charlie, Bob, and I.”

God created heaven and earth in six days, and on the seventh He rested. The stock-market destroyed the earth in three days and has not rested since.

# EDITORIAL

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There is no doubt in our minds that Phillips Academy is blest with a poetic soul. When we made a call for contributions, we mentioned all manner of things literary that would be appreciated, but, when they began to pour in at our office, we found that almost all were poetry. This surprised us, for last year we had been practically submerged by essays and book reviews. With an effort we perused carefully the verse we had received, and one thing struck us in particular. It seems that the undergraduate poet is very shy about writing anything he is at all acquainted with, but chooses rather to select some very fanciful theme which he knows nothing about.

The result is a stilted and affected type of verse which we deplore. Every true poet writes about what he is interested in and what he feels qualified to write about. The student might easily do the same and not feel forced to go beyond his own sphere. Instead of trying to imitate too closely the great poets, he should write about what they would have written about in his place. Let us imagine some of them here at Andover. The chances are that they would have been interested in the things we are interested in, and would have written about them. Perhaps, if he had written it here, Thomas Gray's famous elegy would begin:

The chapel bell rings out the parting day;

The weary boy goes slowly to his dorm.

He wonders vaguely what the prof will say,

When he comes in at eight: one, true to form.

Or Shelley might have written under the influence of a discouraging rating:

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: "A group of chairs around a table  
Stand in a chamber. In them, every one,  
A man of stern hard visage sits, whose frown  
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command  
Show that the fellow an instructor is,  
A man of hate, a fierce, relentless man  
With heart that mocks us and no soul beneath.  
And above the doorway these words appear:  
'This is the Faculty Room, keep out:  
Look on our marks, you students, and despair.'  
Nothing beside is there. At the bidding  
Of that colossal force, a boy must leave the school,  
For trifling lack of work or mere neglect of rule.

At least neither of them would have committed the following, which is a condensation by a leading member of our staff of most of the poetic contributions we have received:

### THREE FANTASIES

#### I

The scintillating silvery stream slips silently into the sea,  
Like sarsaparilla through a straw  
Or the summer zephyr through the trees.

#### II

A strange man accosted me  
On the street,  
And said to me, in haste,  
"There is nothing quite so slippery as an eel."

#### III

There is something about the slums of Hankow  
That makes me shudder to think of them;  
So I think instead about the top of the Empire State Building,  
Which is very high.



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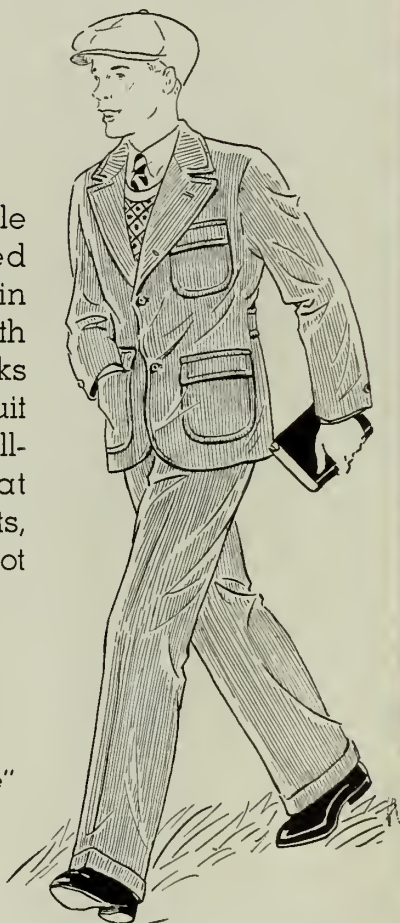
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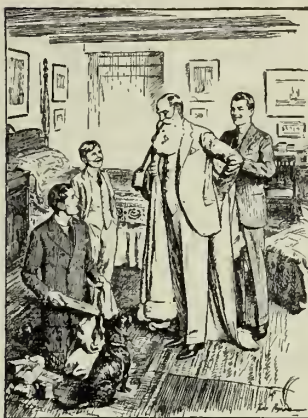
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THE

# MIRROR



Vol. LXXIII No. 2

March, 1932



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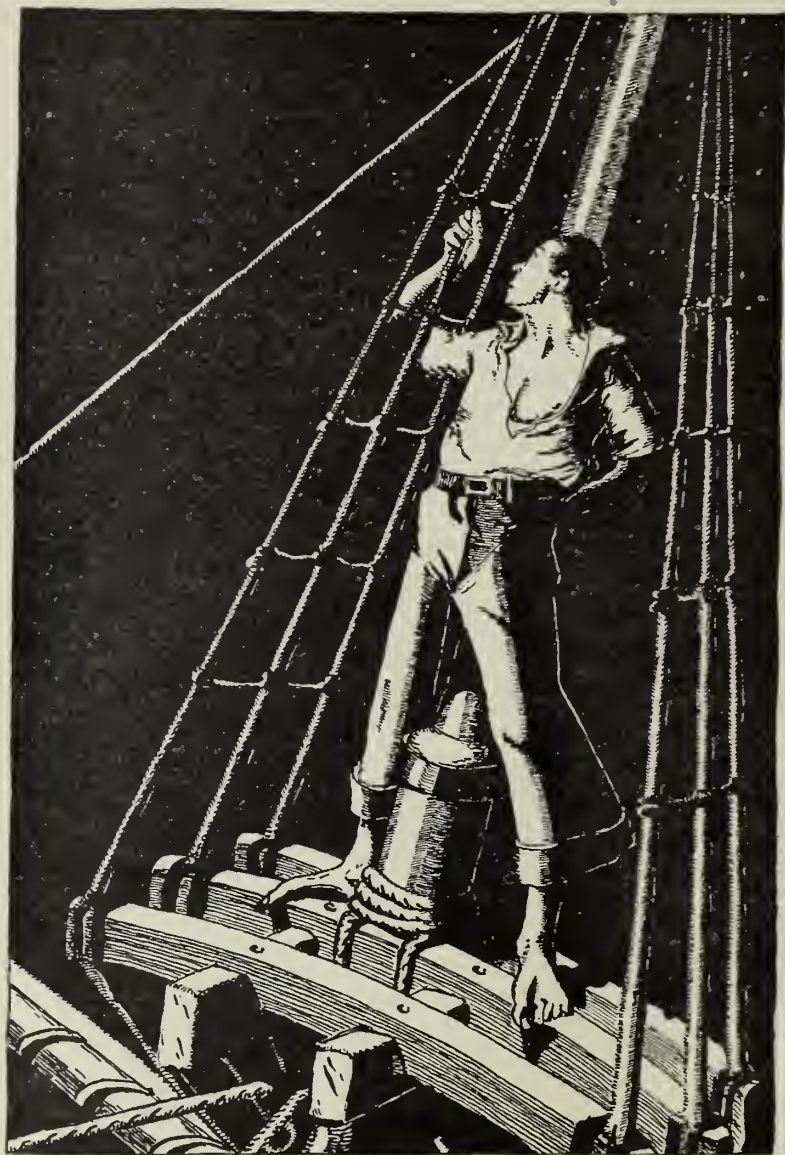
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THE SECOND WATCH



## *The Unquiet Fire*

---

BY GEORGE S. DEMARE

THE mountains slope away from that city in ever-rising ghastly heights—rocks, cliffs, and further, further to the very curtain of heaven, where their last lofty sentinels stand a ponderous and eternal guard. If you walk down Renaud Avenue, you will see at the end of long rice-billowed fields a garden; this is the outpost of the city. . . . afterwards commences the dark mysteries of the trees and mountains. The people of Darren stay close to their city with its charm and brightness; electric lights twinkle gayly at night, and one does not notice so much the silent swaying palm trees and the sudden choke of forest and jungle. There are cars in Darren that slur by, bearing gentlemen to the dance. The streets are paved; there are telephones; a train chugs its way up to Darren from Changore every day—Darren is the outpost of civilization. It is a lovely city, beautiful with its tall seven story buildings, its huge radio tower, its alabaster courthouse, its gardens, its clubs, and its fifty thousand inhabitants: skilled engineers, diamond merchants, explorers, oil hunters, outcasts, and adventurers. Yet the jungle is so silent and the days so hot that there is an ever-present feeling of unreality, and especially at night there is too much mystery and quietness. It is such a little city in the vast unspeakable green recesses of the jungle, so tiny and fairy-like—if you stood on Half-Moon Mountain at night and watched Darren twinkling below it would seem like a dream risen out of the marsh, a gay and beautiful little dream to enliven the vast solitudes, for all around them the jungle waits, waits, silent and green, for one sign of weakness, that it may creep in and cover the city with its dark and tangled mystery. There is always that silent menace, an unquiet fire burning,—that is why men feel very close together, so they have laws, laws that all must keep or the city is doomed. . . the jungle is always waiting—that unquiet fire is eternally burning. . .

II

Alexander Tarnon came to Darren to compose his music in peace. He came for another reason also—somewhere in another city men were looking for him. He got off the train one winter afternoon when the heat was excruciating, and the air held a burden of dampness. He straightened his bow tie, picked up his valise and violin case, and hailed a taxi.

“Take me to the best hotel here,—one that has an orchestra and gives entertainment in the evening.”

The driver scratched his head: “That would be the Plaza, I guess.” he said.

When they arrived Tarnon went to see the manager of the hotel. They were closeted together for some time. Tarnon said to the manager:

“I am a musician and one not without honor in the lands where I have played. I came here to compose, but it is necessary that I earn my living;—thus I make you a proposition. Allow me to remain here as a guest and give me my meals and one hundred dollars a week, and I shall play for your guests each night. . .”

The manager laughed; he gazed intently at Tarnon’s dark passionate face; the clear gray eyes against so dark a skin shone strangely and held a strange beauty. Tarnon was a fascinating man; he had a peculiar mesmeric power in his shapely hands and lithe restless body. The manager was impressed in spite of himself, but he said: “My dear sir, we cannot agree to such a proposition. How do we know. . .”

Tarnon cut in impatiently. “Try me tonight, try me. I have a magic in my violin to charm men’s hearts—try me tonight. . .”

Brennan, the manager, wavered. He was a hard man, but after all, one try: if he did what he said he could. . .

Evening descends suddenly on Darren with deep and lurid beauty. Purple and maroon are smeared in streaks along the horizon and for an instant, it seems, bathe the city in red light, but it is soon gone—darkness and coolness have crept in with all the lights

a-twinkle and the jungle waiting silently outside the garden down Renaud Street.

The Plaza, a six-story, large, red-brick building with impressive pillars at the entrance, blazed with light. The lobby and dining room hummed with voices and laughter—all were in evening dress, for here you had to keep up appearances, because if you didn't, outside, a still black mass waited, and this city was only a shadow show given at midnight by some black magician.

The dining room, called the Green Room because the walls were of a light creamy green, was full of mirrors which reflected the innumerable tables. The atmosphere was gay and carefree with a touch of tropical abandon,—but drunkenness was severely, most severely punished, for drink was one of the most deadly and insidious enemies of civilization in this hot and limitless jungle. Drink became a habit too soon here, and somehow it was allied to the jungle—it drew men into the mystery, and they were engulfed and disappeared. Therefore, men and women watched themselves, or tried to. This evening was exceptionally fine; it had cooled off and stars twinkled in a clear sky; everyone felt particularly happy. Inside the Plaza, as the meals were progressing, suddenly the manager clapped his hands for silence. He got on the dais and announced the musician “who has so kindly offered to play for us: Monsieur Alexander Tarnon.” Everyone became politely silent and craned to see the musician. Tarnon rose and ascended the dais calmly, violin in hand. He tuned it, inspected the bow and looked intently at the frets. Then he put it to his shoulder and commenced.

Soon the diners put down their knives and forks or paused midway—a deep charm was on all as that music swelled and sobbed and laughed evilly or as suddenly sank to a low heartbreaking lilt. .

Perhaps it made you think of a beautiful woman dancing. . . perhaps the woman had green eyes and a creamy skin. . . perhaps it made you think of a half-lit room where a man and a woman were loving, perhaps of a vast and starlit sky—it had all the glamour and beauty of the damned in it, all the splendor of great and wide things. . .

He finished suddenly, bowed with a half smile on his dark lips and descended the stage. He had left the room before the charm was broken and a perfect fury of clapping rang forth.

III

After that Tarnon became a celebrity in the city. His music could not be too much admired; he himself was widely discussed. Very soon he had an entrée to the best drawing-rooms in Darren, but though he was much sought after and much seen, he continued to be somewhat of a mystery. His past, of course, was questioned and speculated on. He was charming, however, had perfect manners, was witty and deeply magnetic. Once you came in contact with him, for a long time his gray hypnotic eyes, so clear and strange, remained in your memory—you had a queer feeling of unrest until you saw him again. And his music—it acted somewhat like a drug: after you had once heard it, your heart needed some more, the violin touched some heartstring that had to be constantly quieted.

There were not many beautiful women in Darren—it is difficult to be beautiful in such a climate, but the few who could claim beauty had it in a remarkable degree. One of these was the Countess of Crass, wife of the consul. She had a most exquisite body, the delight of all the modistes, and a face of indescribable loveliness. One night she and her husband, a cold, thin, dark-browed man, went to hear Tarnon. She was enraptured by the music—it set burning in her an unquiet flame, and before her eyelids every night would rise the vision of Tarnon and a desire to hear his music.

The consul was perhaps the most powerful man in Darren, just as his wife was by far the most beautiful woman. They were a well matched pair. The Count was a remarkable person;—he appeared to have no nerves; his handsome pale face expressed power and character; men obeyed him. Once or twice (perhaps it was three times) a man had crossed him by falling desperately in love with his wife. That man had disappeared; so when the Countess saw Tarnon, and Tarnon half smiled at her, people began to expect things. One evening the Countess appeared alone to hear Tarnon. Afterwards she entered a taxi and drove four blocks to a shadowy side street. She waited for five minutes until at last Tarnon appeared dressed in somber colors. They did not say much but gazed at each



other. After that they had many a dark rendezvous. They never made each other happy, since they always longed for each other whenever they were apart, and brief hours together only added to the unquiet fire.

Meanwhile Tarnon noticed that the people were beginning to dislike him—not that they sought him less or were less thrilled by his music, but he could feel their suspicion of him; he was still a mystery;—they also knew he was ruining the Countess of Crass. She could no longer conceal her love for him, and the Count was colder, his thin lips more compressed. There must have been something of evil in Tarnon; his magic was of a black magic that thrilled and brought no peace. He was aloof and did not need the comradeship of men, so men began to whisper things of him, and people would turn to look when Tarnon passed by. This state of things grew worse, and there was a constant tension in the air, a tension which would be particularly felt by a city surrounded with a vast, hushed, and waiting jungle ready to steal in, to send in its green creepers and bring back to earth the frail glory of man. Whispers and shadows everywhere. People packed the silent dining hall to listen to Tarnon, the magician, to watch the beautiful Countess sit with love-sick eyes, looking, longing. . . One night the Countess of Crass committed suicide.

#### IV

Tarnon was sleeping quietly in his bed, when he awoke with a start and saw around him a group of armed men, masked and cloaked.

“Get up!” ordered the leader, and Tarnon recognized the cold voice of the Count of Crass. He rose and dressed calmly. There was no hurry. He knew what lay in store for him. Nor did the men hurry him; they did not even object when he took his violin. Then the party set out. Down Tilbury Street, past dark, silent houses, past lamp posts, out, out to Renaud Avenue, out toward the garden.

It was a marvelous night—a full moon shone, and the sky was

alive with stars. A tiny breeze blew; insects buzzed; otherwise it was extremely quiet. The little group walked through the gate of the garden and stopped in the court before the portals leading into the Jungle. The Count stepped forward and confronted Tarnon.

"You are going back tonight to the black mystery whence you came. You have caused nothing but sorrow and madness to the city, and now you shall go out into the jungle. . . perhaps there your black charm may sing away the trees, and your music play to sleep its own sorcery."

Tarnon looked at them. They were all hard men with pistols in their hands. The gates were open. He saw the dark mass, silent, untouchable—waiting, waiting, waiting for him. He would play his own funeral march then. He set his violin to his shoulder and began to play—the tune swelled to the quivering stars; the men stood paralyzed. Finer, faster, more ecstatic it became—like a woman dancing. Tarnon was backing away—through the gates. . . the music throbbed in madness, then grew low and dreamy and wonderful—it was getting more distant, farther, farther, dying, and finally was lost in the hushed jungle.

The men stood still for a long time. Then they shut the gates and went home.





## *Fox Hunt*

---

BY RAYMOND O'CONNOR

THE pale moon shone on the valley below. All was a dark mass of trees, except where some farmer had cleared a planting space. Only the yelping of the fox-hounds broke the deep silence of the night, save now and then for the weird call of a hoot-owl or a whip-poor-will's chant. The hunters lay on their backs in the moonlight, listening to the hounds and watching the stars. Minutes passed, then hours; the hounds still yelped. Until that yelping ceased, and a long baying took its place, there was no chance of a fox. The hunters stirred and gathered firewood; a match gleamed, and the cold darkness fled. They toasted "weenies", passed the bottle, then leaned back on logs, stretched their legs, and lit pipes.

"Ben," said one hunter, "what's wrong with that black hound o' yours?"

"I dunno," said Ben. "Nothin' much, I reckon."

They all smoked in silence.

"By cracky, Jim, that ol' bitch hound o' yours has a scent."

"Damned if she ain't!"

That yelping of the hounds had ceased, and in its place a deep musical baying echoed through the valley.

"They're all in it now."

"A comin' this way, too."

"Mebee they'll run him through the field; we can see 'im then."

"Thar 'e is!"

"Gad, but he's laying low."

"They ought to get 'im around the bend in the ol' log road, if 'e don't circle t' other way."

They put out the fire with dirt and made off through the woods. Reaching the old log road before the fox, they perched them-

selves on a rail fence, and waited silently. As the baying of the hounds grew louder, the men became more excited. All eyes looked straight down the road. A red streak melted into the pale yellow light of the moon. It was the fox. With tail streaming behind and black eyes bulging with fright, he raced for his life. Out of the darkness the hounds crept forward, ears flopping, tails wagging, nose to the ground, and baying for all they were worth. A hunter shouted; the leading hound looked up and saw a red streak before him in the path of moonlight. He crept forward, every muscle straining, and the pack followed. The fox was swallowed in an engulfing mass of hounds.

The hunters ran forward, kicked the dogs, cursed, and finally got the fox, still alive. He was panting and very, very tired. The dogs snarled and yelped, then finally curled up on the ground to rest. The long mellow note of a hunting-horn echoed and re-echoed about the valley, calling in the stray dogs; a few yelps from the distant hillside answered. The fox blinked his eyes and made a queer little noise in his throat. Then he stiffened.

The hunters built another fire, passed another bottle, and lit their pipes again. The rest of the dogs trotted to the campfire with guilty looks; they liked rabbits better. When the fire had burned lower and the pipes had gone out, the hunters awoke from their peaceful reveries. Blankets were rolled out and soon all was quiet around the glowing embers of the campfire.



## *Three Strange Places*

---

BY CHARLES M. GARTH

**S**WISH-SWASH, and another head hit the ground; but that's to come later. Recently, when I and ten other Americans were visiting in Formosa, we attracted considerable attention, because we were the largest group of white people ever to set foot on the island. There are three white residents: a French Jesuit, an English business man, and his wife. This island, called by its inhabitants Taiwan, is as large as the state of Massachusetts; it was sighted some hundreds of years ago by Portugese sailors, who, seeking Japan, sailed past its verdant shores for days, and called it "Formosa", the green island.

Though not very well known, the island is interesting for two things, camphor and head-hunters; for Taiwan is the source of ninety-five percent of the world's supply of camphor and of about fifty percent of the world's supply of head-hunters. Doubtless camphor being familiar to you, Taihoku and its great refineries would not excite you, but the head-hunters, on the other hand, are a most thrilling handful.

They inhabit the southern half of the island, where there are high mountains, great jungles, and tropical warmth. Living in small communities, the women do all the work, and gladly do they slave for their proud husband, Kan-Ou, for he has more heads than any other in the tribe. This is true; every year over one hundred Japanese, who own the island, lose their heads!

But, pray, let me return to camphor, which dominates even head-hunters. A camphor tree two feet in diameter is worth from five to seven thousand dollars, but the best logs grow in the district inhabited by the head-hunters. This ever-diminishing district is enclosed by electrified barbed wire barricades with forts every half-mile for one hundred and fifty miles; but over these barricades the

head-hunters build bamboo bridges, and beneath them dig tunnels, and often at night loot the near-by countryside of heads. Expeditions often go into this land of head-hunters to get camphor logs. The crafty Japanese have got the conduct of the expeditions down to a science, but even now the scienceless savages occasionally procure a new stock of heads to dry and decorate themselves with.

\* \* \* \* \*

Macao, a lewd, exciting, picturesque, dirty old town, the oldest white settlement, in fact, in Asia, lies up the Si-Kiang, or River Si. Particularly famed is it for fire-cracker factories, opium dens, and gambling houses, fan-tan being the game played, in which you can risk as little as 1-40 of a cent a play. You know those pretty so-called Chinese coins sewed on baskets? Well, they are not coins, but replicas of a coin worth 1-40 of a cent.

Occasionally Macao is attacked by pirates, terrifying indeed, and as one comes up the river on a boat, all the Chinese passengers are locked into little cells for fear of an uprising. The river is not safe after dark, and if you are robbed or murdered later than four in the afternoon while on the river, no one is held responsible. All about are Sikh guards, ferocious, handsome men from Sind, who have flowing beards, great enormous turbans, lovely eyes, and are always very tall. The Sikhs are not only good fighters, but are good dreamers, and they'll tell you the most charming fortunes for a rupee.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Where ja say?"

"Mumble mumble."

With apathy, "Oh . . . what they got there?"

"Mumble mumble."

With interest, "Got any jewels?"

"Mumble mumble."

With disgust, "Oh them things! I seen 'em standin' up; I seen 'em sittin' down; I seen 'em layin' down, and what good 'a' they done you?"

She was speaking of the wonderful golden Buddhas of Siam;

she was on the way to Benares, India, birthplace of Gautama, whose teachings once held sway all over that vast peninsula of India, and now have spiritually disappeared from it; for time takes longer to eradicate physical vestiges than spiritual ones. May I digress, wander, roam, or what you will? Is it not strange that Gautama Buddha, who taught there was no God, no sense to prayer, should be now considered a god and prayed to by millions?

But, oh Benares! Holy City! Drinker of the sweet waters of mother Ganges!

From all over India worshipping pilgrims come to Benares, often bearing great crosses chained to their backs, or measuring the distance with their bodies, lying down and crawling a thousand miles to this entrance of Nirvana. To the Ganges, first of the two great points of pilgrimage, they go. The pilgrims step down into the water—stoop and raise a handful of the sacred fluid to their lips, face to the East, and raise their arms to the sun as a deity. Repeating the eighteen thousand names of God, staring at the sun for hours, standing on one foot, immersed to their necks, crowded together, hundreds of thousands lining the banks, they drink handfuls of the holy Ganges water, or pour it over themselves from their water jars with a continuous machine-like motion, although at the moment, perhaps, they are near the discharging city sewers, near the burning ghats, where ashes and unburned portions of human bodies are floating about, or near the ghat from which dead cows and babies, all dying of small-pox, leprosy, or bubonic plague, are thrown into the river. But it is very fascinating to watch these devotees, standing in the water, rubbing the ashes from the sacred cow dung over their bodies, and shampooing their heads with river mud, all in the name of holy religion. At the burning ghats, places of absorbing interest, one always sees several bodies actually being consumed on funeral pyres; but oftentimes, alas, the pyres are not large enough to do more than half burn the bodies, and the torn limbs find their rest in the bosom of mother Ganges.

The second great point of pilgrimage is the Great Golden Mon-



key Temple, an enormous, dark red, sandstone structure with four great towers,—three of black marble, and one of shining gold. This temple, infested with a troop of mangy apes originally coming from the Deer Park of Sakindra, where Buddha meditated, is dedicated to Durga or Kali, the terrible wife of Siva, who can be appeased only by blood sacrifice. Accordingly, over her reeking statue, down her enormous tongue, which hangs to her waist, is thrice daily poured the blood of small white goats. The priests also smear themselves with this blood, shrieking horribly, and riot, naked, about the temple. Around the neck of the image hangs a necklace of human skulls, around her wrists, bracelets of human hands. Before her is the Great Well of Knowledge, the holiest, from which the voices of the Gods utter forth the destinies of men.

---

## *Cilician Evensong*

---

BY WM. L. NUTE, JR.

SUNSET lies like a benediction over the dusty city. In the distance the mountains are seen rolling and sweeping over the curve of the earth to the westward, and between them and us the level plain lies drowsing under its blanket of haze, under the slowly cooling sky, under the first tranquil stars. The flat house-tops, the tiled cupolas, the sharp-pointed minarets, all are softened and mellowed by the fading light. Shadow merges into shadow, hue into hue, all up and down the scale from light to dark. The shouts, the clatter, the myriad noises great and small of a city at eventide are all fused into one great murmur, which is at once a song, a prayer, and a sigh, the voice of a multitude of people and things.

The call to prayer is heard from a near-by mosque, rising and falling in wistful cadence. It seems detached, alone, adding the poetry of sound to that of sight. Again it comes, melodious, ululating, summing up in that one deep-throated cry the whole dream-pattern of delicate tint and blended undertone.



# *The Missionary Turns Black*

---

BY JOHN B. ROWLAND

A well-dressed negro in a high silk hat and a dark brown birthday suit sits cross-legged before a mournful group of Africans. No one speaks to disturb the quiet majesty and romance of the jungle, about which mothers read to lull their tired children to sleep, and where many explorers are also put to sleep. Such is the romance of the jungle, full of unpenetrated mysteries; but we must go on with the story, for the negroes are still sitting cross-legged on the damp ground waiting for us. Suddenly a threatening looking shadow glides into the midst of the savages, but, no, it is not a shadow; it is another negro; let's listen to what he has to say.

"A strange and voracious beast is now coming up the river to prey upon our village."

All turned their eyes toward the river. A huge monster glided along the surface of the water. It very much resembled the boats of the natives, only being a little longer and higher. In front of it was a white man who must have weighed almost 200 pounds; judging from his general appearance, one could safely say that he was asleep. In the center sat a short, bald-headed man who was making a noble attempt to move the boat up the river by means of two sticks of wood. This man was also white. A lazy alligator was holding on to the back end enjoying a free tow through the water. Unexpectedly the boat hit shore, and the fat man rolled out into the river.

The man in the high silk hat ran down to greet the newcomers, followed by the rest of the tribe. The fat man, with his beautiful figure made more realistic by his garments clinging to his wet body, climbed out of the water.

"We come from America to bring you truth and understanding. Here are some gifts as tokens of our deep affection for you," he said,

and from out of the boat the new arrival brought a bag full of safety pins, thumb tacks, and other odds and ends that are liable to be found lying around in someone's front hall drawer. The man in the silk hat bowed low in token of appreciation and ordered his attendant to bring forth gold nuggets and tiger skins. After one look at these presents the fat man reached for more safety pins.

In order to make sure of the native's affection the new arrival brought forth an Empress Eugenie hat, which the chief, our friend with the silk hat, received with a smile of satisfaction on his face, and the two white men smiled back with smiles of relief. The natives upon seeing their chief accept the gift turned away in disgust.

"You are welcome to our village; come up to our council fire and give us your message." said the chief, taking the fat man's arm and leading the way to the village.

When the natives had gathered around in a circle, the fat man came forth among them and made a nervous bow. Quite unnoticed by the negroes, he nudged his companion, who was sitting near by, and asked him for the Bible. The little man replied that it had been left behind and that the only book they had brought along was an Edgar Wallace. The fat man decided to read that to the natives till he could think of something better to do.

The environment made the story seem much more engrossing. As the plot progressed the fat man read with greater expression; his little companion crept over and sat down beside a burly native. The negroes, on the other hand, slunk away from the scene to their huts where the story of their race and religion could be read inscribed on stone slabs.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning the missionaries got up early to study the home life of the savages. As yet no other men were stirring; only the women, who were forced to do all the work of the household, could be seen. Judging from the occasional appearance of an arm reaching out of the window of a hut for bananas hanging on nearby trees, the men were having breakfast in bed. At first sight of the women

running around the village, the fat missionary was much shocked, for this was the first native village he had ever visited. He could remember clearly his mother preaching to him about the immorality of the dress of the modern girl, and how he had been warned so many times to keep away from them, but this was far worse.

While he was consumed by these reflections the leaders of the village had come into the hut of their chief to wish him good morning. They were extremely surprised to see him already out of bed reading. Without any word of greeting he started right in with the following dissertation.

"I have been checking up on this country called America. From what I can gather in this book, the said nation is in a bad way. Their people have nervous break-downs from over-work by sitting all day with elbows resting on a table. After getting tired of sitting in one place, they very often go somewhere else and sit in order to rest up. They construct high buildings, and when they are completed someone runs up to the top floor and jumps off. Many people are starving and dissatisfied; others are overfed and dissatisfied. Some are so contented with their land of worry and trouble that they send men over here to convert us to their faith. As fast as one man in America raises some food to eat, someone else comes along with a wagon and steals it all.

"The main trouble is that they do not fear their religion; therefore it is our duty to go to the aid of our white brothers. All those in favor of sending a missionary to America say 'Aye.'" (Nobody answers, for most of them have fallen asleep.) "The 'ayes' have it; we shall send a missionary, but who wants to make that supreme sacrifice of going to America?" (Again there is no answer.)

At this crucial moment our friend the missionary entered. The chief came forward and grabbed him by the shoulder and said, "You are just the man we are looking for. Today you shall leave for America to convert the people to our religion."

"Ah! no, I have come to teach your tribe righteous living. I will cure your diseases with modern medicines; I will convert you to the true faith."

"The gods of the jungle will be very grateful to you if you carry their messages. I will send my two daughters to row you down the river and will give you many gifts."

\* \* \* \* \*

In spite of the fact that the missionary wanted to work among the natives, late that afternoon his rowboat had been packed high with gifts by the chief, and a farewell party was being held for him in the village. In the midst of a group of dancing natives strolled the chief and the missionary. When the group reached the bank of the river, the short white man and two native girls were standing at salute near the gangplank.

After being kissed on both cheeks by the chief, the fat missionary stepped into the boat followed by his crew. As they set off down the river the water was within an inch of the gunwales. The fat missionary was almost asleep in the stern, and the short fellow was endeavoring to keep the balance of the boat in the bow. A lazy alligator swam after the boat to get a ride down the river.

---

## *Fragment From Early English Ballad*

---

UNEARTHED BY

RING W. LARDNER, JR.

(With very few exceptions practically nothing of great consequence has been discovered among early English poetry. A few folk songs and ballads have come to light, but it was not until Mr. Lardner discovered this lost poem of an unknown author that we were able to answer the question of whether there was any real poetry written at all before Chaucer. We now know definitely that there was not.)

### CANTO I

There was a knyghte ande a bolde manne was he;  
Ande he dide love a fare ladie,

---

(Last two lines of stanza missing)

## *The MIRROR*

---

So strugglede the two in mortale fighte  
Ande nevere wase seen suche a bloody sighte  
Sir Claude smote his antagoniste  
(Last line expurgated)

### CANTO IV

(Sole remaining copy burned by the Bishop of London in the presence of Queen Mary on March 13, 1557.

### CANTO V

(Lost in the mail)

### CANTO IX

At this Sir Claude waxede wrothe  
And tooke his sworde and smote them bothe;  
Then tooke to his arms the fare Iugartha

(At this point the manuscript becomes so blurred from the tears of previous readers as to be little more intelligible than the rest of the poem.)

### CANTO XIII

So virtuous a maide was she  
And so renownede for purity  
That men would have sought her hande,  
Had it not beene for her husbände.

But the bolde Sir Claude carede for no manne

(The end of this particular exploit of Sir Claude's will never be known, for here the manuscript ends, and although there were originally a total of 22 Cantos we know none of the remainder of the ballad except for a single line, which occurs in the fifth stanza of the seventeenth canto, and which we give here in its entirety.)

Sir Claude smote the beaste with mighty sworde.



# *One Day*

---

BY GERARD J. PIEL

**H**E settled back in his chair again.  
“Now let me see. ‘Point one: It ignores or rejects the intrinsic values’—that head of mine. Where was I? Oh, here; ‘It ignores or re—the dickens with it!’”

He hurled the book into the corner and sat back in exhaustion of body and spirit.

“What a rotten—ah well, I suppose it’s not so important. Whew—do my eyes burn! Well, no wonder. This is the sixteenth, no, the seventeenth, year of my education. What has it gotten me? One pair of bad eyes and one unsettled brain. Dad was right. What a disappointment my coming here to H—was to him, especially after the way he slaved to get me through P—. But I always thought, or hoped anyway, that in a truly developed mind lay life’s real joy. What a foolish thought! Man is only a beast afflicted with memory and an imagination. It makes the beast miserable to develop those faculties. God!—I’m not going to stand it—the next boat for me.”

“Hello, Paul, how are you coming?”

“Oh, hello, Hans, I’m not; I’m going.”

It was Hans Bauer. He liked Paul’s room partly because it was a single room, partly because it was warm and clean, and partly because it was inhabited by Paul.

“What do you mean?”

“What’s the use of studying and trying to learn? It will never earn your living for you.”

“Why, don’t be silly. What if you can’t earn your living? You have your mind and imagination to keep you going at any time.”

“Mind and imagination—all they do is conjure up visions that make suffering more acute. Even they are not stable. They can only bring regret. And the most painful regret is suffered by those whose spirits are the most finely balanced by thought.”



"Cut it, Paul. You're just discouraged. What you need is a good sleep. You'd better go to bed anyway; it's nearly eleven. Good night."

"Good night, old boy; I'm sorry I'm such a boor."

In bed he tossed for hours. He had made up his mind to quit school and get down to really living. But even yet his mind was torn in dissension. His head throbbed. Gigantic problems seemed to press upon his mind, like huge ships, that, looming up, seem about to overwhelm and then pass on. He finally slept from sheer exhaustion.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was to be his last class, this philosophy class, and the old professor droned as monotonously as ever. Paul suffered in silence.

"My friends," he was saying, "we are about to draw our conclusions from the study of the hypothesis. You ought to know by this time that our hypothesis leads us to the conclusion that life must have a meaning. In this case—"

"It has a meaning all right," mused Paul, "but not what you think it is, old boy. You never lived. The last generation suffered sixteen years from such men as you; they drank in your nonsense about the spiritual and the fine and good in the abstract. They died in a very unspiritual war, in very concrete torture. That's what life means. Continual bondage and slavery to reality."

Paul was startled from his reverie. Already the students were filing out. Paul followed them slowly.

"I guess I've learned everything they have to teach here. I hope Dad appreciates my move."

He walked without direction or purpose. Now he was walking through quiet streets between the bare walls of tenement buildings. He saw no one, but he felt life going on all around him. He walked all afternoon, his mind, in oblivious reverie, receiving impressions without recognizing them. He walked through market streets. The peddlers' push-carts, displaying their reeking foodstuffs and shabby dry goods, crowded both sides of the narrow street, and milling crowds of seemingly aimlessly wandering *Hausfrauen* made walking difficult, but Paul pushed through, heedless of them. He went through prosperous merchant streets where fat, oily merchants made piles of money. He went through noisy factory streets from which the dreary monotony of sound quickly drove him. He walked down clean, neat, residential streets, flanked by telegraph poles, trees,

and lamp posts at regular intervals, where the line of neat house fronts with their neat iron rails protecting neat privet hedges abutted the sidewalk. Now and then he rested, perhaps on a bench in a park or against a store-front, while he heedlessly stared through the crowds. He started toward his lodgings as night approached.

He had seen the worst and the best parts of the city; he had found no distinction between them—they were all the same—tragically human. On the way he met Hans.

"Hello, Paul, I'm off to get that job for next fall, to sort of make ends meet. What's the matter? Still pretty blue? Where have you been all day?"

"Oh, I don't know, around."

"Well, see you later—after I get that job."

Paul went to his room and quietly closed the door. He sat down heavily on the bed in his little room, his head resting in his hands. He got up listlessly and took down his Goethe. In his chair he turned the pages. It was "Faust". He had read it often and always very thoughtfully. Now he read pages without knowing what he was reading, reading quickly and aimlessly.

Outside it grew night. He still sat reading. Suddenly he stopped and sat up, staring at the page.

"Dies ist der Weisheit letzter Schluss:

Nur der gewinnt sich Freiheit und das Leben

Der täglich sie erobern muss—"\*

The black type burned brightly before his eyes. He read the lines again.

There was a step outside his door. Hans walked in, slowly and silently. Paul looked up.

"Hans, I've got it!"

"I don't know what you've got, but I haven't got the job. Some one beat me to it."

"Why, the answer to all my doubts," said Paul, not having heard Hans's full answer. He read the lines aloud. "I know what I'm here for now."

"Oh, that. But what's that to do with my job?"

\*This is the last conclusion of wisdom: Only he wins freedom and life for himself, who every day must conquer them.

# *Can War Be Avoided?*

---

BY J. J. WHITE, JR.

**I**F the United States were now to declare war upon some foreign nation, cartoons would appear in the newspapers depicting the enemy as a gorilla in a spiked helmet crushing widows and orphans in his hairy paws; streets would be encumbered by bands playing stirring music; oratory would flow freely; we should eagerly climb aboard our staunch battleships amid strains of "Auld Lang Syne" and considerable waving of handkerchiefs, and we should all be exterminated like so many rats.

It is most deplorable that such lofty enthusiasm, such fervid patriotism, and such heart-felt sentiment should all come to such an ignominious end, but it would be difficult to stage a war without massacres. This is especially regrettable since wars would be such glorious affairs if it weren't for the attendant decrease in population.

In former times, when war served both as an outdoor sport and as a basis for political careers, battles were often distinguished by laudable deeds of valor and personal heroism; but now, since warfare has been placed on a wholesale basis, and it has become possible for one man to wipe out whole regiments by the scientific application of a few pounds of gas or explosives, it is rather difficult to discern just where the element of glory or valor enters in.

Of course, in the case of the World War, it was the duty of the men of the nation to come to the aid of France in her peril, a duty which was heroically performed; and it would likewise be our duty to defend our country from invasion by an outside enemy, but from where is such an enemy to come? The phlegmatic Englishman is not likely to leave his peaceful pursuits and financial difficulties suddenly and furiously to take up arms against us, nor is the home-loving German liable to desert his task of rehabilitating his fatherland in order to plunge into another war of aggression. We have seen recent pictures of British troops leaving for India (amid cheers,

handkerchiefs, "Auld Lang Syne", etc.), but any resistance offered them must of necessity be passive, both because of the Indians' principles and their lack of equipment. It might be further argued, in the face of much previous discussion, that it was the "home-loving" German who was responsible for the World War, but it has been proven that it was the ambitious day-dreams of the Kaiser, among other causes such as geographical quilting-bees like the Congress of Vienna, that brought about the horrible catastrophe, and not the unfortunate German people, who were deluded by overdoses of propaganda and "patriotic" music.

From the above facts it is not unreasonable to infer, then, that any war in the future must come from some nation under despotic control, for it is never the people who precipitate wars of aggression; it is always the rulers, who, it has been observed, rarely participate in them. The only countries wherein the will of the people does not prevail and who are in a position to cause a war of any import are Japan, Italy, and Russia, for in China the will of neither the rulers nor the people prevails. If another war comes, which it will unless steps are taken to prevent it, and the newspaper editors dig down into their 1917 files to dust off the old spiked gorilla, will they relabel him The Italian, The Jap, or, in screaming red letters, The Russian?

Of the three, the Russians are the least likely to attack anyone. Except for their unsportsmanlike but eminently businesslike tendency to undersell their competitors, it is questionable whether they or any other people are such inhuman monsters as the common conception paints them. Moreover, they have need of all the capital and manpower they can muster to develop their vast resources and consolidate their widely differing population into one co-operative whole, which they seem busily to be doing without troubling themselves to a great extent about the rest of the world. Finally, the last thing the Russians would seem to need is territory.

Italy and Japan, however, both run to the opposite extreme: their territories are overcrowded to such an extent that emigration can no longer solve their difficulties, and they must seek an outlet

for colonization. Japan has tried to do this by expanding into Manchuria and has consequently caused considerable trouble there, but trouble which need not involve us if only our "interests" could be withdrawn and we could manage to leave the warring nations strictly alone, a step which, unfortunately, the powers that be seem to have no intention of taking. Italy has attempted to solve her problem by seizing upon as many Mediterranean islands and as much African territory as was possible. Should these prove insufficient to accommodate the overflow of population, it is conceivable that Italy, or Mussolini, might embark upon a war of aggression against some neighboring weaker nation. If the nations of the world, bound by secret treaties, also took sides against each other on this question, we might all become involved in another devastating world calamity, but if the nations would be united by the League or some such organization to such a degree that they would all turn against Mussolini and his proposed conquest, he could hardly pit himself against the combined forces of the entire world, no matter how great was the confidence inspired by his S. P. Q. R. standards.

The theory that the Japanese, sometime in the future, may attempt to reduce the United States of America to a Japanese colony by sending warships to bombard San Francisco, where they could very easily be cut off from their base, seems to be considerably far-fetched. There is danger, however, that we may get into serious trouble with Japan through the inevitable clash over the mastery of the Pacific, but this question, as well as the Italian question, is one which must be decided through mutual compromise. Excessively large standing armies do not pave the way to friendly understandings.

It is probable that the average Japanese or Italian has no more desire to die than you or I have; it is when his pugnacious instincts are aroused by the scientific use of ballyhoo, and only then, that he is blinded to the criminal wastefulness, the inhuman butchery, and the brutish cultural retrogression inflicted upon him by war.

The average man of this country is quite willing, if the band blares sufficiently loud in his ears, to sacrifice his life for his country; but there is considerable disparity of patriotism between that spirit and the spirit which pervades him at election time, when it seems to him a matter of supreme indifference to whom he shall entrust the administration of his glorious land. If he troubles himself to



the extent of going to the polls at all, he is very likely to vote straight Republican. Under a system like this it is not surprising that we have been embroiled in wars; the attitude of our administration towards the League and towards China is a case in point.

Guided by the precepts of the Monroe Doctrine, the United States has refused to join the League of Nations. "Beware of foreign entanglements," we thought, picturing the League, which was obviously created only to abolish war, as an insidious net which the wily nations of Europe were spreading for our downfall, thus depriving the League of the power which it needs if its work is to succeed. Shortly after this we sent boats to China, a country in which we have no right to be, to protect our business interest, or, in other words, thrust our finger in the pie. Except for the matter of degree, our "interests" and those of Japan are so similar as to occasion embarrassment in the minds of our patriotic but thinking citizens. This bizarre interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine is typical of the master-strokes of strategy whose logic is a trifle obscure, but which serve to plunge us into deadly conflicts.

If international questions such as those mentioned above could be dealt with in a sensible manner, it would be quite possible for this country to avoid all future wars; but if such a happy state of affairs is to come about, the patriotism of the American—ebullient in times of war but woefully dormant on election day—must manifest itself in an interest that only the better minds of the nation shall be entrusted with the control of its destiny. Again, to avoid war, we must be less prone to being carried away by propaganda and flag-waving, and more attentive to forestalling war by the election of those who are competent to keep us out of it. If we made peace a party issue, we should get it.

If it develops that we are able to settle future international questions without covering ourselves with blood and glory, then humanity will indeed have made a great step forward; but it is much to be feared that, as long as orators continue to sway the passions of the mob, as long as military bands continue to play stirring martial music, as long as girls continue to wave their handkerchiefs at departing troops, and, in short, as long as human nature remains as it is, so long will we be willing to embark upon our sturdy transport ships, sail far away across the deep blue sea to enemy lands, and get slaughtered in droves.



# EDITORIAL

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---

IN discussing the attributes of their fellows, boys are very apt to make little or no distinction between the terms "brightness" and "intelligence". As a matter of fact, the two are entirely different qualities, and the presence of one, especially in a young boy, is no indication of the other. Brightness is a matter of mere memory and power of quick calculation; intelligence includes all the higher mental qualities such as discernment, appreciation, and critical ability. Because of this distinction the idea that the student who receives the highest grades is the most intelligent is erroneous; intelligence is but one of the four essentials to scholastic success, of which brightness is the most important, power of concentration the second, hard work the third, and pure native intelligence a poor fourth.

But in spite of this fact it is the intelligent boy who gains the most from his school years. For it is not in the mechanical routine that the true advantages of an educational institution lie; it is in outside activities, contacts with instructors and even other boys, and the cultural aspects of courses, which are to the bright boy and the

grind merely series of facts to be memorized for purposes of meeting college entrance examinations.

The tragedy of this situation is that the intelligent boy, unless he is additionally gifted with athletic ability or a natural aptitude for study, is the most insignificant and least appreciated of all undergraduate types. The maturity of his ideas is apt to make him a non-conformist, and he is not interested in the pursuits of his fellows; and if there is any one thing which an ordinary, conservative, narrow-minded, American schoolboy will not tolerate, it is a lack of interest in what he himself is interested in.

Thus we find the intelligent schoolboy relegated to a position of campus obscurity. This situation, however, is not as distressing as it would be if campus obscurity were actually ignominious. As it is, the more intelligent a boy is, the less he is concerned with the opinions of his fellows or his own position among them. In principle, however, it is discouraging to consider the fact that such a reversal of the correct order is the case among our youth.

But to return to our original point, which, if our digression has not led our memory as well as our thought away, was the distinction between brightness and intelligence. There are three kinds of intelligence: native intelligence, intelligence acquired through learning, and intelligence acquired through experience. Of these, native intelligence is the only one that is likely to be possessed by a schoolboy, for neither his learning nor his experience is apt to be very broad. And it is the extent to which a boy possesses that quality that is going to determine how much he will gain from his school days as well as the later phases of life. Brightness will not help him ten years from now; it may enable him to estimate quickly how many shares his concern sold last year, but it is powerless in trying to grapple with any real problem, in business or in any other field. For it is not knowledge that counts, but the intelligence you lend to it.



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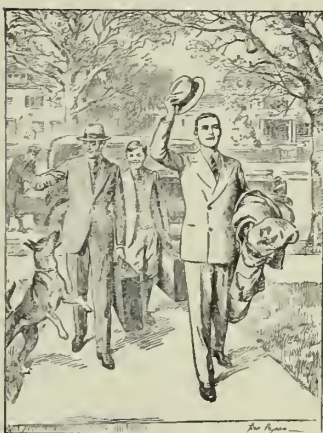
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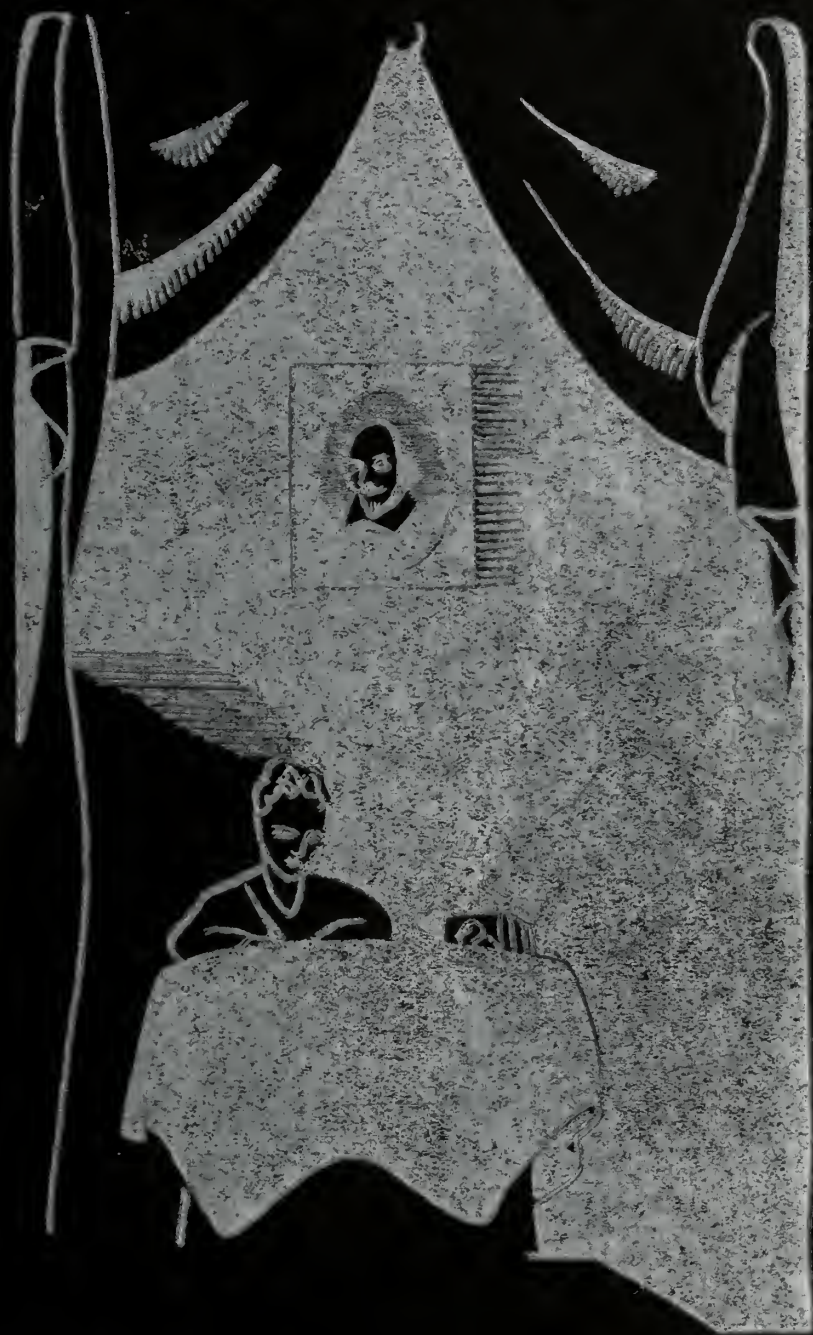
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# MIRROR



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*Will You  
Catch a Teledu  
With Me?*

Sommest furbelow masticating murrey lips;  
Canst conceive of undulating hips?  
Such tortuous twinings portend a tithe  
Of prurience, both blinth and blithe

# *The Return to Muselle*

---

BY GEORGE S. DEMARE

NATURE had been gracious to John Norfolk in both appearance and bearing. From his youth she had shed her most particular charms on him. He was born in Muselle, a little town nestled in a warm valley, where summer came deeply and lingered like music long after the snows had topped the surrounding hills. Away from the world and its clamor his soul flourished to the song of the streams and grew spacious under the serene wide skies. Muselle lay ten miles from Brighton, seven miles from Ogden on the north, and Wheaton twelve miles to the south. The railroad passed, first through Ogden, then Muselle, then Wheaton, and Norfolk was accustomed to the sound of the engine's whistle in the hills and soon the clash and roar as it rounded the bend and rushed toward the quiet town. Children swimming in the lake near the station watched it wide-eyed and waved to the engineer laughing.

It was here that Norfolk climbed the years—considered by the townsfolk as lazy and perhaps a little immoral, here that he grew to physical comeliness and smiled at the girls on Sunday, here that he received the easy friendliness of people who were his own and cared enough to dislike him and the constant surveillance of gossips and farmers. His father had been a slim, sour farmer and having married well, lived carefully, and died with a fierce love for his worthless child, left Norfolk considerable money and a large farm. Norfolk sold the farm and bought a house in Muselle, a small cozy place to spend his old age, when he had cast his bread upon the waters.

He left Muselle one drowsy summer afternoon for Denver. The sheen on the lake mirrored a tranquil sky, and the trees fringing its edges cast quiet purple shadows.

"Some day I shall come back to Muselle." he thought; then the years slipped away.

## II

After an education in Denver he worked first as a reporter on a newspaper, then a trolley car conductor, a salesman in a dry goods store, reader on a magazine, and finally took to writing. He was happy during those months. The sunshine of Muselle and the laziness of its shady woods still warmed his heart. Life is too fair a thing to sully with ambitions, too fragile for stern and unswerving purposes. Happiness is the goal, and, if not, Life is its own goal. Then he met a beautiful woman and decided to marry her. She felt otherwise about the matter, and so Norfolk left for New York. When the woman came to see him the next evening he had disappeared, and the landlady could not tell her where. The beautiful woman blew a kiss to the empty room and went away. Three days later Norfolk was in New York—the year 1925, an autumn evening.

He took a studio on Fiftieth Street near First Avenue—a large room, which he furnished with two armchairs, two couches and a writing desk, and a tiny closet-like room where lay his bed and bureau. He commenced to write ardently. His efforts revealed that he had a gift for it. His writing somewhat resembled his personality, sparkling, handsome, stirring. At last he completed a particularly fine short story and sent it under the *nom de plume* of Farneau, John Farneau. It soon returned with the magazine's regrets. Meanwhile he continued writing. Thus he spent all morning. At one o'clock he would step out to a cafe nearby and afterwards take a subway to some unreckoned destination. At this time he felt pretty lonely, since he had become acquainted with but two people, young fellows who lived in the studio above him, and thought that they could paint. These chaps, George Hallac, fair-haired, languid, and Arthur Dorn, sallow complexioned and intense, exemplified the froth of artistry. Hallac was too lazy for the sterner efforts of life so he enchanted his indolence under the glamour of Art and drifted along, half pleasantly, half sighingly, spending his parents' money.



Arthur Dorn, on the other hand, felt somehow that he was meant to be a painter. Each miserable scrawl that he daubed gave him a deep thrill, and futilely and tragically he painted with his heart's blood hoping that one day he would be discovered.

Norfolk sometimes had talks with them, and their futility made him smile and gave him a fear, for they talked well; they were formed to talk, but they did nothing.

Norfolk sent off two more short stories but after some days they returned to him. He went on writing hard. . . .

One Sunday afternoon he sat on a park bench and watched two boisterous children play ball. He felt lonely and restless, although the sun shone brightly and the grass sparkled. A young woman sat down on the further side of the bench. He glanced at her once or twice, saw that she had vulgar features, a pleasant figure, and smiled at her. She smiled back hesitantly. Somehow conversation threw out its fragile tendrils, and he learned that her name was Gretna Hagel; she worked in a dry goods store from eight to five except Saturdays and Sundays; she lived with her parents and sister. The girl talked with an affected simper and nervously pleated her skirt.

"Would you go to a movie with me tonight?" he asked.

She thought for a moment, then nodded assent with a stunning smile. Norfolk walked with her to Sixth Avenue, watching her face. She had flushed cheeks, crimson lips, and gray eyes. Except for her unusually fine complexion she resembled almost every other shopgirl he had seen; yet she fascinated him. She gave him her address, and he watched her walk up 95th Street. He thought: "What a graceful figure she has."

That evening he climbed three stories of an old apartment house on 100th Street off Madison Avenue. She opened the door in the dark hall and came out smelling powerfully of perfume.

"My, you look nice tonight." He repeated the well-worn greeting, and she turned on her dazzling smile. They proceeded by omnibus to Broadway, and Norfolk felt an excitement as they burst into the glitter of lights and moving people.

They stood before a poster glaring with pictures of movie stars laughing, wild and sudden—a flash of teeth behind crimson lips, and the people eddied around them, talking quickly as if they must get it out before the crowd swallowed them up. Norfolk felt in the midst of this the girl's quiet depth. Her stupidity—her freedom from the intellectual burdens of life that make people want to talk, to pour out what lies so restlessly in them. Her slow moving brain gave a tranquillity to her whole body, and standing beside her Norfolk felt through her the quiet pull of the earth, deep and fertile, the hum of trees that he remembered from Muselle, the slow lapping of water, and deep shady recesses in the woods. This spell broke when she exclaimed: "Let's see this one—I love Robin Chandler; he's so cute."

They entered the dark hush of the theatre and, after climbing the carpeted steps to the balcony, followed an usherette's dim circle of light to some seats in the seventh row. They watched the cinema, entranced. Once in a while at a funny scene, each looked at the other, and the girl's simple face grew beautiful with enjoyment. Afterwards they drank a soda; then he took her home. He climbed to her room with her, her folks were asleep. For a time he chatted sitting beside her. At length he slipped his arm around her waist. She did not resist, but laughed softly.

### III

On the fourth of November he got his first short story published by the Artist's Monthly. He felt acutely glad; he went to see Gretna, who was working, and she listened with her lovely smile. She did not understand or care, but having told about it made him feel better. He wrote and wrote. A month later his second short story was published. "John Farneau will some day be a famous name," he said to himself; meanwhile John Norfolk met other people. He met George Hallac's parents, nice people, who lived on Park Avenue. Hallac's sister Anne, a beautiful blond girl, was charmed by Norfolk's comeliness and began to pay his bills.

Norfolk was a born philosopher, one of those peculiar men for

whom exist neither immorality nor sordidness, a type of person rarely met with who walks always in a world colored gently by his own personality, and who are either great criminals or great geniuses. How can the raucous voices of the world chaff my heart when near it whisper the quiet woods of Muselle? Not that Norfolk could escape the ills of other men but that they could attack only his passions and raise only momentary sorrows. All that a man can remember and knows is as nothing compared to the things he has forgotten and which repose uneasily in the depths of his brain. These forgettings color a man's whole life, and thus the present and conscious emotions beat idly on the waters of Norfolk's personality like fitful winds on the sea, but did not disturb their depth, still drenched with the sunshine and the half dreams of long grass sighing in a warm breeze.

"Some day I shall return to Muselle," said Norfolk.

Meanwhile a third short story was published, and he commenced a book. His affair with Gretna ended dramatically, as love alone can make little things dramatic. He did not return to visit her for a week—she came to see him, once, twice; she grew vulgar and took to chewing gum. She went out with other men several times—but she could not understand that Norfolk was through, and she grew harder and a sneer crept around her mouth, and she got drunk once or twice. Then she vanished in a burst of hysterical laughter, and Norfolk always remembered her vaguely as some shape he could not understand, a little glamorous, a little exciting, like voices heard down a dark street or the smell of a perfume and the faint rhythm of jazz.

Comments about his works appeared now and then in the papers. The name John Farneau was becoming a flame in the world of literature. Editors sent in for permission to reprint and questions about his past. Who was this John Farneau? His stories had flavor. Norfolk decided on a trick. He posed as the secretary to John Farneau—"No, Mr. Farneau is not in. No, I attend to all his business. I am his secretary, Norfolk, yes, Norfolk is the name."

The name of John Farneau was rocketed by the novel *Spar-gore*. Letters poured in—urgent: Who is this man? What does he look like? Where was he born? To all these Norfolk answered blandly: “He is . . . just John Farneau.”

IV

Anne Hallac was really an intense woman. Sophistication had somewhat enameled her heart, but love is as insidious as an ambush on a dark night, and she fell strongly, deeply. She could not understand why Norfolk did not stay with her all the time. His smile spread like fire through her heart. She felt like crying sometimes when he did not come for a few days, and she kept gazing at herself in the mirror. Norfolk realized her passion and something in him recoiled: too burning, too engrossing; he must keep away from such fires—the watcher aloof must walk coolly through the turmoil. Nothing should be so powerful that he could not enchant it with his own thoughts, nothing so real and terrible that it pierced and engulfed his soul.

Once she entered his studio at night, feeling reckless.

“Will you come out somewhere with me?” she asked him and he remarked that her cold beautiful face appeared damp. She was dressed stylishly in a low-necked, black gown that made the white gold of her hair striking. She sat down on the sofa, then got up and walked around excitedly.

“We’ll go to *The Goblet* and afterwards to a theater. Dad got me these tickets.”

“Sure,” he replied, “wait until I get dressed up.”

“I want to walk,” she said. “Let’s walk up toward Lexington.”

They started on the deserted street. Anne hung on his arm. Sometimes they passed a store half-lit; the city was quiet except for a distant murmur which grew louder as they approached Lexington.

“Let’s take a taxi,” she said after they had walked for two streets. He hailed one, and they drove toward Broadway to the theater. Norfolk had difficulty in conversing with her: she answered

in monosyllables and seemed to be brooding. All through the excellent play, while he enjoyed it immensely, she appeared to gnaw at something in her heart. At last they went to his studio again.

"I'm going in with you," she said. "Come on."

He paid the driver, unlocked the door, and they entered. She turned on two lamps and threw the room into a deluge of shadows. She stood against the bookcase and watched him.

"What's the matter, my dear?" he asked, "you're kind of blue tonight."

"When are you going to marry?" she began at last. "We can't go on like this forever. I love you and you know it; you love me. . . Well?"

He stood amazed. So that was it: Marriage. . . the word loomed mistily across the room. He stepped back.

"Oh, I see," she said. "Will you go out and get me some cigarettes?"

He picked up his hat and escaped to the street. It was after midnight; the street looked dirty, and Norfolk walked quickly toward Second Avenue. He felt shaky and bewildered. What would happen when he returned? She would be gone, of course, but then . . . He stopped in a drug store and drank a soda. He took a cross-town omnibus to Fifth Avenue and then returned. Slowly he opened the studio door, listening. All was silent. She had gone.

V

The second novel by that mysterious author, John Farneau, appeared in February. People read it while the sleet hissed across slippery pavements and a sullen sky kept the world unhappy. The critics acclaimed the book: it was unmistakably a masterpiece; it had flavor and power; it left one with a little thrill hovering close; one felt it, lived it. But who was the author? What was he like?—a new star rising in the literary heavens, whose effects the astronomers perceived, yet which no journalistic telescope had seen. Literary societies poured in letters to Norfolk. He answered some. Meanwhile he worked steadily day after day, went for his walks,



saw a movie now and then, read a great deal, and dressed up Sundays. He kept from knowing people except casually, since he did not want them to find out who was John Farneau. Then a restlessness seized him. The winter wore away in an agony of dull days until March. Norfolk finished his third novel, *Lethe*, and launched it. Again the public heard the shadowy name, John Farneau. Norfolk collected all the poetry he had written, his early short stories, and sent them off to be published in August and October respectively. His first two works had been translated and were being devoured in France.

Meanwhile he became ill, not a physical illness, but a spiritual one. He saw it...worldliness creeping in on him...He now had no friends, only acquaintances, and Fame awaited him, quietly, smilingly outside the door. He had lived much. He thought: "Some day soon I shall go back to Muselle."

He felt out of sorts:—a shadow, John Farneau, appeared always to dog his steps. Of late he sensed this creature; at night he could hear a voice: "You are John Farneau, not John Norfolk..." and voices in the distance echoing: "Farneau...Farneau...You are John Farneau; we want you; you are the great author, the chosen one of God..." Then he dreamed of a prophet in the wilderness crying: "You are the chosen one. Come out among us in purple robes and wearing a golden crown; Behold, you are John Farneau..." and the voices echoed: "Farneau, Farneau!..."

Norfolk awoke in a sweat and thought of doing something about his digestion. It had been rotten lately; and spring was coming. His third novel had been translated, and France was acclaiming him. That night he sat in a far corner table at the Tadpole, a night club. About twelve-forty he felt tired enough to sleep; so he rose and stood watching the laughing crowd. The Tadpole was a wretched place, he thought; the jazz hurt his stomach. As he stood there, he heard through the buzz of voices another whisper: "You are John Farneau not..." he stiffened. Then he gazed at the crowd: women, men dancing...These hostesses, a dirty lot, and these drunks...

when a woman got drunk, the mascara came off. . . he seemed to remember a laugh. Where had he heard it before? . . . an awful drunk laugh, a laugh full of the tired lusts of the world, not even careless or pleasurable, but sordid, such as a low street woman, a . . . where had he heard it before? Then he dashed his whiskey in his face. It steadied him. He walked through the hot abandoned crowd; someone shouted a hoarse "whoopie" . . . a glass crashed to the floor. He put on his hat and stepped into the warm air. He remembered that he had once heard that laugh as silver—silver and green. . . he remembered a time in the movies, in her bedroom, Gretna Hegel, and he thought:

"God, that laugh was once silver and green. . . dirty, dirty. . ."

When he reached the studio, he felt afraid to unlock the door: he had opened it one night listening—and she had gone. . . one after one: tears on the sofa where she had lain crying, while he went to get cigarettes. . . love, one after one, one after. . . now the voice of a prophet crying in the wilderness: "You are John Farneau, the great author. Love is too small for you; you are not John Norfolk; you are the chosen one, the chosen one. . ."

Norfolk leaned against the bookcase and switched on the light. He was getting awfully shaky: his nerves, overwork, the shadow.

"I must go back to Muselle soon," he said to himself. Then he turned. He entered the bedroom, drew out a suitcase. Outside again he walked briskly to Third Avenue and hailed a taxi. "Grand Central," he told the driver. Morning was creeping over the city, the promised morning, Summer,—when Norfolk stood at the ticket office. He seemed to hear trees murmuring and the song of water. . . quietness, green grass, fertility. He was John Norfolk now. John Farneau was gone with his fame and his worldliness.

"A ticket to Muselle via the Rocky Mountain line," he said, as the ticket agent looked up.

Thus it was that John Norfolk returned to Muselle.

# *Provincetown*

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BY WARREN BEACH

**C**OLONIES of Americans flee from this country to forget that they are social outcasts, to live on their small incomes in a land where they are looked upon with indulgence, for they are, as the natives say, only "Américains" or "Americani".

There is, however, one such colony at the end of Cape Cod. There in Provincetown where our forefathers have raised a tower to the memory of the pilgrims, Greenwich Village makes its summer home. There, hidden from the critical outside world by sand dunes and ocean waves, dilettantes dabble in paints and artists pretend to themselves that they are noteworthy. Even the great fishing industry has fallen from the exalted hands of honest Yankees into the grasp of the rapidly increasing Portugese population.

Provincetown is a Paris Latin quarter isolated in a dream country. But the artists, not agreeing with the harmony of nature, have become sharply divided into the two groups: the moderns and the academicians. These two factions meet early in the evening at the Ship, a restaurant-night-club, to wrangle. They would come together before evening if they did not feel under the obligation to swim all morning, sleep after lunch, put one more daub of paint on their masterpiece, which will never be finished, and drink their home brew to prepare themselves for their futile, nightly arguments. At the Ship they vaunt the prowess of the few great artists, whose methods they poorly mimic. They comment bitterly to each other on the richer summer visitors who make no pretense of painting. Yet the Ship is the dividing mark, a piece of neutral ground, between the poor artists' section and the gold-coast, a section thus named by the artists because its inhabitants keep up a tennis club. The gold-coasters come to the Ship to imbibe an ar-

tistic, Bohemian atmosphere, and to hear Bobby Edwards, the Greenwich Village poet sing, accompanied by his cigar box guitar, sarcastic trivialities such as:

Oh, I don't like ladies that are good, good, good,  
I never could love a piece of wood, wood, wood;  
Though angels may have wings,  
They lack essential things;  
I wouldn't love an angel if I could, could, could,  
And lots of times I could.

And yet a casual visitor would come by steamboat into the bay, greeted with the odor of rotting fish, mud flats, and moulding piers jutting out into the water. He would take, in an antiquated vehicle, a bus ride, passing mongrels roused from their nap in the middle of the road, and Portugese children dressed in blue overalls and yellow dresses, sucking dirty fingers. He would visit the Pilgrim monument and think reverently of that great race of hardy men. He would linger for a few sweet moments in the shade of gardens of profusely blooming flowers, in which hide quiet shutter-drawn bungalows. He would return to real life again with a memory of a lazy town stretching in a white line around a bay, over which sailed great, graceful, white gulls.

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*Dance of the Woodcock*

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BY RAYMOND O'CONNOR

Swinging upwards towards the heavens,  
Climbing up on moonbeams light,  
Turning in the starlit blue,  
Falling, swirling, maddened flight.  
Down below she sits and marvels,  
Listens to that lilting warble.  
Stars are brightly gleaming, shining;  
Love is in the cool night air.

# *The Strategist*

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BY WILLIAM L. NUTE, JR.

EARLY in 1918, on a section of the American front which for some weeks had been unusually quiet, there suddenly broke out an extraordinary renewal of the "martial spirit" which was followed by an offensive, advancing the American line nearly a quarter of a mile. The official records contain no explanation of the occurrence, because, as the only man who could have been responsible for such an explanation remarked, "It wouldn't look well in the report." He did make an attempt, fruitless of course, to see that some reward was given where it was due, but the hero of this little tale was still a sergeant when the Armistice was signed.

\* \* \* \*

The lowness of the dug-out's ceiling forced Top Sergeant Joseph Raynor to stoop slightly as he stood, theoretically at attention, before his superior officer, who, for some reason, had desired to speak privately with him upon this fine spring morning.

"You are, I believe, sergeant, fairly popular with your men?" began Captain Ingersoll. "You may be said to have some influence over them, aside from that which goes with your rank? I understand that many of them come from your home town—Battle Creek." The captain somewhat prided himself on remembering such details about his subordinates, when he found time.

"Yes, sir," replied the sergeant.

"There is something I would like you to do for me," continued the man behind the table, in a more business-like tone than before. "There is a custom among the men which is spreading rapidly, and which is distinctly inimical to the performance of our duty here at the front. I have no doubt that the quiet state of affairs which has prevailed for some weeks now is at the root of it, but it must be



stopped. I refer to the intercourse, the increasingly friendly feeling, between those of our line and those in the German trenches immediately in front of us. I am picking you to put an end to this, because I believe you have the extra influence which is necessary in such a matter. Mere orders from higher authority will have no effect, can have no effect, on the real root of the evil. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," the sergeant replied again, without indicating in any way whether or not he agreed with Captain Ingersoll's remarks.

"Very well. You may go."

\* \* \* \*

"Say, them Fritzies ain't half-bad guys, ya know," the loudest-mouthed of the group was saying. "Whaddaya mean 'Huns kill wimmin an' children!' That sad-faced gent with the scar on 'is nose wouldn't do nothin' like that, I betcha any amount! Hey, it's a nice night—whaddaya say we go have another little game o' poker in that shell hole an' show Dutchie how to play the game?"

The suggestion was approved, and soon half a dozen men were making their way across No Man's Land in the direction of the rendezvous indicated, where several games of chance with those of the "enemy" who were slightly familiar with American language and customs had already taken place on previous occasions. These escapades were always carefully concealed from the representatives of constituted authority, but though Raynor, as top sergeant, was nobody's favorite, it was not felt that he was likely to "squeal" on them. There was no particular reason why they should wish to play with the Germans rather than among themselves, save that it was against orders, and they rather enjoyed looking down on those whom they felt to be their inferiors.

The phlegmatic sergeant had been thinking since his interview with the captain that morning, and in accordance with a plan which was taking shape in his mind he had allowed himself to join the party, apparently in deliberate defiance to his superior's express wishes.

He selected for his purposes the man who squatted directly in front of him, a German by the name of Mendel. He had noticed that this man was a pretty good player and rarely came out loser.

Raynor now began to use all the knowledge of sleight-of-hand and card sharpening which he had ever known, not to strengthen his own hand, but that of Mendel. He did everything he could to help the other man's luck and personal skill without raising suspicion in anyone, least of all Mendel himself. He noted with satisfaction the expressions of increasing gloom, perplexity, and suspicion upon the faces of his comrades, while pot after pot, with an occasional exception, went to the German.

At last the sergeant decided that it was time for a more difficult feat: the doctoring both of his own hand and that of Mendel. It was his turn to deal. He already had the ace of hearts concealed, and this he introduced into his opponent's hand, while to himself he merely dealt an extra card. Of the six which now composed his hand he selected the highest, a king of spades, and put it where he could get at it easily. He next devoted himself to the delicate task of raising the pot without scaring everybody out, so that no one present but would have an interest in the outcome of the hand. When he thought he had gone about as far as he could, the sergeant palmed his concealed card and began ostentatiously scruntinizing Mendel.

Suddenly he leaned forward, snatched at the German's sleeve, and with an oath produced the king of spades.

For once "Loud-mouth Lefty" Weymouth wasted no words. His right fist connected neatly with Mendel's chin, while his left hand reached for the pot.

Pandemonium reigned. Some of Mendel's comrades jumped to his assistance, but, in the words of Bret Harte, "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more." Others were contesting the division of the pot, vocally or physically. All were vociferous, and men called one another strange names in strange tongues. Some defended in expressive *Plattdeutsch*, eloquent with gesture, the honor of all Germans and of Otto Mendel in particular, while others swore

that all Huns were liars the day they were born, and that if Swede Raynor hadn't been just a little too good for the lousy Fritz he'd 'a' cleaned them out sure.

Suddenly the sound of running feet, mingled with savagely muttered curses, was heard, and the captain, at the head of a squad, appeared over the edge of the shell-hole.

"Men, you have been told often enough that this is most strictly against orders. Every American present is sentenced to heavy guard duty for a week, and as additional penalty any gains you may have made will be forfeited to the men from the enemy trenches. Perhaps that will teach you that this sort of thing does not pay. And you, Raynor, who as top sergeant ought to be setting a good example to the men, I find you sitting here playing poker with the enemy, on the very day when I have enlisted your aid to stamp out this pernicious practice! By God, I never broke a sergeant as quickly or as hard as I'm going to break you! All right, men, back to your dug-outs as quickly as possible—you're going to need all the sleep you can get. And as for you," turning to the sullen Germans, "get back to your own lines before I decide to take a few prisoners!"

Morning found the members of E Company as savage a set of doughboys as any on the western front. Even the small satisfaction of seeing a top sergeant broken from rank was denied them, for after being closeted with the captain for an hour, Raynor had emerged with a slight smile hovering about his thin lips, and, far from being demoted, he continued to discharge his duties apparently under the increased favor of his superiors.

As for Captain Ingersoll, he was congratulated by headquarters for the spirit of his men in the offensive a day or so later, in which E Company led the attack and in every way showed up the rest of the division in enthusiasm for blood and desire to exterminate. It was noticed that they fell behind a little in pausing to ransack the enemy front-line trenches, but soon made up the lost ground by the vigour of their advance.

This is a true tale. Raynor undoubtedly did his officers a service, and Captain Ingersoll assures me he tried to help him along, but what could he do? You can see for yourself it wouldn't look well in the records.

## *A Third Party: Possibility and Desirability*

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BY CHARLES S. WOOLSEY

THE possibility of a third political party for the United States is now remote. After surveying the records of such attempts in the past, politicians and statesmen who feel the urge to achieve the Presidency by this means find their enthusiasm considerably chilled. "By their fruits shall ye know them." For the job-seeking politician who aspires to higher public office the third party is an evil tree that bringeth forth flat failure and often political eclipse. Look, for instance, at the two most recent fiascoes. In 1912, at a time of great economic unrest, Theodore Roosevelt, the most popular man in the country, succeeded only in splitting the Republican vote sufficiently to enable Woodrow Wilson to sweep to victory. In 1924, when the Republican party had been proved unforgivably corrupt and the Democrats had thrown away their chances of victory by the usual internal strife, Lafollette was able to carry his home state of Wisconsin alone, and that by a narrow margin. So it is little wonder that when Gifford Pinchot, Governor of Pennsylvania, this year canvassed his progressive friends, (Borah, Johnson, Norris, Howell, Brookhart, Frazier, Cutting, Nye, Norbeck, Blaine, Lafollette, and so forth) for support for a third party, he found little sympathy among them. Another reason for their indifference, of course, is the extreme coolness shown by Senator Borah, the leader of the Senate insurgents. Between times the most irregular of irregulars, he always disappoints his third party boosters in Presidential years. "Bill is great in midfield," they say, "but he is a washout near the scoring zone."

Although, however, the chance of a third party in the near future is infinitesimal, the need for one was never greater. At no time in our previous history have the two major parties converged

so nearly on every issue. Different factions in both parties are further apart than the rival parties themselves. It would be a difficult task to find one important principle on which the two major parties are entirely separated. Is there, in fact, a single question which does not find both friends and foes in each party? Neither party, moreover, can boast of aggressive leadership. Will Rogers was not far wrong when he remarked recently that the "people would like to vote against all of them." The chief argument put up for Mr. Hoover is that he is on the upgrade. That should not be difficult for him. But neither can the Democratic party provide the leadership required at present. Governor Roosevelt, who at this writing is far in the lead for the Democratic nomination, is of a far more pleasing personality than Mr. Hoover and happens to stand right on prohibition, tariff, and utilities. On the other hand, he has been unduly lenient towards Tammany Hall and declared against the League of Nations and cancellation of war debts clearly for political expediency. Essentially a gentleman, he is too apt to follow Mr. Hoover's suit in vacillation on salient problems. The country is satiated with expressions such as: "Whereas . . . nevertheless, while . . . on the other hand," and so forth. Why, then, you may ask, without leadership in either party, and both parties divided so completely on every issue, even allowing for the successive failures of such attempts in the past, could not members from each party bolt, and form a new party that would immediately appeal to the majority of the electorate? Because the groups from the South and West, the men who would agree that the tariff should be immediately lowered, would disagree on the Eighteenth Amendment. Many, favoring prohibition repeal, voted for the high tariff. More than one issue is required to arouse the voters, and no two sections of the country will be in agreement on any two issues.

Since our present representatives can find no successful solution to our present economic problems, it is necessary for a new group, which has heretofore held itself aloof from politics, contenting itself with condemning the present system with vague gen-



eralities, to lead the way to better and happier days. I refer to the young college men. Lacking the bias, prejudice, and hardened opinion of the older generation, the educated youth can view every issue with an open mind. A generation which has gone through the most bitter, destructive, and futile war in all our history cannot be expected to do this. A "new deal" is asked for. The youth of the country should form a third party which should take the following stands on the six most important issues of the day:

**TARIFF.** The signing of the present high tariff was one of the major blunders of the Hoover administration. Its chief result has been the erection of purely retaliatory barriers by rival nations. England, for instance, has been forced to abandon her policy of free trade for the first time in history. Few, if any, economists favor the tariff. The man of agriculture does not want it. "Big Business" thoroughly disapproves. Only the small town Republican business man, whose ideas on economics are so often distorted by equally ignorant politicians, firmly believes in the high tariff. A third party should make few, if any, exceptions in its demand for immediate downward revision of the tariff. It is ridiculous hypocrisy, for instance, for a Senator from Louisiana to vote for duties on sugar beets and vote against duties on manufactured products.

**PROHIBITION.** A third party should ask for immediate repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Mere modification, allowing light wines and beer, would be as futile as most compromises. We want definite, unequivocal action. The "experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose," ought to have proved to the dullest minds that morals and legislation do not mix. A quick death should be prescribed for this era of crime, racketeering, and hypocrisy.

**ARMAMENTS.** "The one way to stop war is to make it impossible." Both the Democratic and Republican parties are polluted by "big navy" boys who often succeed in pushing through injudicious legislation. By insidious propaganda, emanating from William Randolph Hearst and other notorious conspirators for

public detriment, are the minds of the people deceived into believing that we have something for which to be prepared. A third party should call for an "irreducible minimum" of armaments.

**WAR DEBTS AND REPARATIONS.** Although I confess that I do not see much connection between war debts and war reparations, it is obvious that we must forego our debts if we wish the reparations to be cancelled. And this is certainly a necessary measure. Quite obviously Germany cannot and should not pay any more. Even looking at the question in a practical light, inasmuch as Germany cannot pay, why not be magnanimous, declare against further payment, and reap some of the goodwill which we now so sorely lack?

**UTILITIES.** A third party should demand public ownership of utilities. Almost without exception, wherever public ownership has been tried, it has proved far cheaper and more beneficial to the people. It is wrong for a private monopoly to control a necessity of life. When high prices are charged, this system becomes vicious. Muscle Shoals should be operated by the government. President Hoover vetoed the Norris Muscle Shoals bill on the ground that it impaired the "rugged individualism" of which he is so fond. And then he proceeded to plunge the government into the Reconstruction Finance Corporation!

**LEAGUE OF NATIONS.** Without the aid of the United States the League of Nations is powerless. We are gradually drifting towards the League. As soon as the Senators Borah, Johnson, and a few other leading "nationalists" pass on, we will join the League. Why not now?

**THE FARM BOARD.** The creation of the Farm Board is the most glaring error of the Hoover administration. With the Export De-benture plan it was poor; without it it is hopeless. It has gone into competition with private business to the detriment of both. A third party should of course demand immediate abolition.

If these stands were unequivocally taken, the United States as a whole would benefit immeasurably. Petty sectional differences must be ignored when the welfare of the country is involved. It is up to the youth of the nation, forming a national party, to come to the aid of the republic. It will require time and sacrifice to educate the unintelligent electorate. But, due to the lethargy, cowardice, and inaction of our present political leaders, this is necessary.

# *Straight Lines*

---

BY GEORGE T. PECK

THE high priest of Ammon, an old, rather corpulent man, sitting clad in comfortable flowing robes among the stout pillars of his temple, was musing over this description:

“A straight line is the shortest distance between two points.” Looking upward, the dignitary noticed, though he had seen them many times before, the well-defined regularity of the four-sided pillars. Each beautifully modeled, perfectly set column stood black against the darkening western sky, making the clear-cut bas-reliefs and paintings on them scarcely visible. When he looked more closely, he saw each group of straight lines forming the figures of his ancestors, the priests, and his rulers, the Pharaohs. Each figure moved about stiffly in his own ancient myth, as it was there represented, and impressed the priest with the stability and force of its conception. Glancing at the ceiling, the thinker compared its flatness with the expanse of the Nile’s mud-flats. The priest, now tired, as he had just finished the sunset sacrifice, the last one of the day, let his head fall upon his chest in a doze. Down upon his devoted servant, Ammon, the Sun God, gazed with his fixed eyes of a ram. The folds of the deity’s garment fell in perfect regularity over his exactly modeled limbs, giving the impression of lasting stability; and his conical horns threw geometric-shaped shadows in the dying glow of the twilight.

Fifteen hundred years had elapsed. One day in the year 60 B. C., a son of one of Rome’s proudest families, the Cornelian gens, was walking with his tutor down from his home on the Capitoline hill. The boy’s graceful *toga praetexta*, with its broad purple border, fell in even folds as he walked down the straight, narrow street. At the doorway of each cubical house he glanced in at the lofty and spacious atriums, bordered by tall, regular rows of columns and paved with glistening marble of Paros. In some of the homes

he caught glimpses of beautiful peristyles with their fountains reflecting directly the rays of the sun, their cool grasses cut up by straight and even paths, and their porticos with roofs supported by short, cubical pillars. Approaching the Temple of Saturn, which stood on the edge of the open Forum, he marvelled at its tall columns, carefully and exactly grooved, and its broad roof, shaped like a reclining triangle. Then looking to the left, he was overwhelmed by the lofty and magnificent arches and long naves of the Tabularium, the spacious recording house of Roman wealth. Standing on the steps of this building, he commanded a comprehensive view of the entire Forum. In this open and evenly paved square, bordered by low rows of flat-roofed merchants' stalls, many people were leisurely strolling, some dressed in plain-cut and straight flowing robes and others in simple tunics. Cubical houses, straight streets, stern temples, lowly stables, and simple garb—of such was composed the Roman scene.

In 1919, almost two thousand years later, victory and peace had finally fallen to the lot of France; and Paris, more than once on the brink of disaster during those trying years, was now in the wildest state of exultation and relief. As the Champs Elysees had been cleared of all traffic, the view down its wide thoroughfare was uninterrupted. The black pavement of the street stretched out like a ribbon drawn taut, until the linden trees obscured its path in the distance. Long—seemingly interminable—rows of humanity were straining against the ropes which held them under the balanced and straight files of trees. The houses, built up with even and box-like fronts and indented with rectangular windows, completed the scene and emphasized by their even height the straight lines. Then, over the heads of the populace, advanced even ranks of thin, triangular, and coruscating blades, glistening in the sunlight like many small needles. Below these were seen many helmeted heads of the same size and height, making exact, military files of men. Each horizon-blue trench coat and each shiny black boot rose and fell with the precision of clockwork. The procession of straight lines seemed in-

terminable, but finally it broke off, only to start again with an artillery parade. The even rows of horses, pulling the light but threatening barrels of small cannon, advanced down the street. Each gun, carefully shined, was made exactly like its neighbor, and each muzzle stared out of the row of shining barrels.

Ten years later a large group of women, clad in mourning, entered the lofty gate at Romagne. Before them stretched a huge grassy field, divided up by endless lines of glistening white crosses. With geometric exactness each cross—each sacrificed body—was placed in line. There they lie, forming *straight lines*.

---

*Decline of a Scholar*

---

BY NATHANIEL B. WALES

Esoteric Eric had a mania  
For the use  
Of terms which etymologists might label  
“Quite abstruse”.  
His orthographic rambles in the field  
Of metric prose  
Integrated verbal spasms to a state  
Of calm repose.  
  
Isotopic desecration of the realms  
Of erudition  
Brought exub’rance so prolific  
To his flowing composition,  
That, at last, said lucid poesy  
(Through isonomic use)  
Affected his mentality  
Because of this abuse.  
  
So let this illustration  
Of excessive lucubration  
Cause the reader’s toleration  
To be short in preservation,  
Also quick in “ostrazation”  
Of such useless mastication  
Of Syllabics Thus Profuse!



# EDITORIAL

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## *How to Acquire an Education at Phillips Academy*

---

WE expect that this essay will have very few readers because of its title. There will be some who will say, "How absurd! How could anyone acquire an education at a preparatory school?" and there will be some who will say, "How absurd! Trying to tell how to acquire an education at an educational institution! What else is the place for?" But we hope there will be some who really want to know what is the best method to lay at least the foundations for a cultural education during preparatory school years. It is for the benefit of these that the investigations, of which this article is the result, were made. Our intention is to place our four years of experience and research in the hands of boys who are actually interested in learning something of value while at Andover. Some of our ideas may seem a bit trite to some, who already use a few of these methods; to others they are likely to appear revolutionary. They are not; they are not even new. Another objection that will be raised is that they are opposed to the school system and the rules and regulations set down by men

who have made education a life-long study. The answer to that is that the system was originated for the average boy, the normal, plodding, unthinking, conventional, conservative youth who is the predominant type in a school like Phillips Academy. Our methods have been planned for the extraordinary boy, by which we do not mean the bright youth who makes the first honor roll and knows nothing except what he has been taught. We mean the boy who is interested in teaching himself, the boy who has intellectual outside interests, the boy who possesses at least a particle of that precious gem, the "love of learning".

The first step must necessarily be the utter disregard of marks. Until you get rid of the idea that results are to be gauged by grades given by instructors who know nothing about the amount of work done and who are as apt as not to award the highest rating to the boy who is able to keep "cramming" for the longest number of hours before an examination, you will not find our system to be of any value.

The second step is the realization that, although ostensibly the most important phase of school life is classroom work, this is actually not the case. The average student places too much emphasis on doing his daily assignments. We do not mean to infer that these are of no importance or should not be done if the time is available, but we do think that they should be properly subordinated to more important things. If you have something you want to do in a field which interests you, do not put it off on account of an assignment. The chances are that if you are actually interested in the other pursuit, it will be of infinitely more value to you than the mechanical clerical work which comprises the ordinary school assignment. The essential rule is, "Be your own guide." However much the men in authority may have studied educational methods, and however sympathetic they claim to be with the boy's point of view, they do not know as much about your own problems as you do yourself.

There are one or two difficulties to be overcome in connection with the grasping of these two fundamental difficulties. One is, of

course, the natural objection to disregard of marks on the grounds that a student must stay in school in order to fulfil our plan. This is not a very serious obstacle, however, for there is nothing so easy as passing courses in this school with a minimum amount of work, if you go about it in the right manner. It is a well-known fact that the boys who fail to pass in their studies are not those who do the least work or those with the least intelligence; they are merely those who have not learned to concentrate or who lack the ability to distinguish the essential from the trivial. It is our firm conviction that in any course in the school a passing grade may be secured with no outside work whatsoever, if the student has the ability to absorb the important points in class, and that honor grades may be attained by from one to two hours work a day, depending on the course.

Another difficulty is apparent in the suggestion that daily assignments should be subordinated to useful pursuits. This presents one with the occasional necessity to bluff. Bluffing is an art which has not received its due consideration. Being caught once is likely to discourage the beginner, and, as a result, there are a great number of students who firmly believe that they are incapable of ever mastering the art. This is ridiculous. Not overmuch histrionic ability is necessary, but only a little confidence and a quiet dignity that is likely to ward off any reproach or accusation. Never confess ignorance; guess. It is a far, far better thing to give the wrong answer than none at all. And the best part of it all is that bluffing is generally of more actual benefit than repeating a mechanically learned lesson. We know a number of students who do far better on their college examinations, where everything is sight work, than their conscientious fellows, merely because their training in the school of bluffing has enabled them to do sight translation or solve problems rapidly with more effectiveness.

Having overcome the more prominent obstacles we now come to the plan of procedure. It is first necessary to have some outside interest. It matters very little what this interest be, as long as it is a sincere one. It should take up a good deal of your time, but not

too much. No one pursuit should be over-emphasized to the exclusion of others. The most important thing of all is reading. At no time in your life will you have as much opportunity for reading as during your school days, and it is opportunity that should not be neglected. Samuel Johnson said that every boy ought to read at least five hours a day, and you will be surprised how easy it is to devote nearly that amount to books which really interest you. Nine-tenths of all that is worthwhile in this world is between covers.

Too much of what we have said has been in the form of rules, and, of course, the chief thing we advocate, is getting away from restriction. Therefore, let the student plan out the rest for himself; he will find it easy to fill his time with beneficial pursuits. The essential point is to learn what you want to learn, not what you are told to learn. Knowledge that is born of desire is retained; very little that is forced upon a student will remain with him.

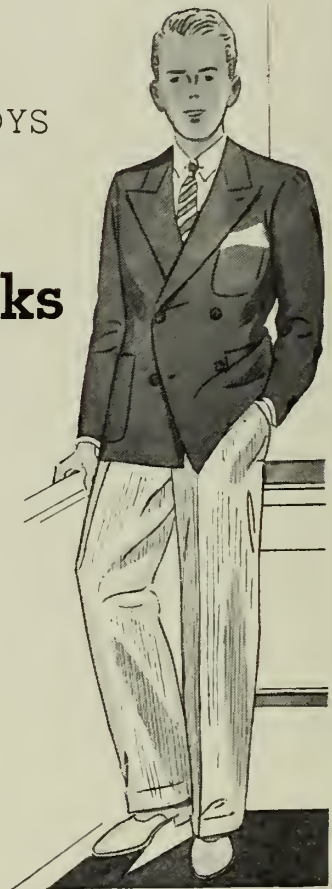
There is one point which we would have made clear, in case we may have been a trifle misleading. We do not advise anything approaching total disregard of curriculum work. There is much good grain to be reaped, if you can distinguish it from that which is parched and withered with age. Languages, history, and literature should be part of a cultural education; do not forget, however, that so should music, appreciation of art, and similar subjects which are unhappily supplanted in our school by Mechanical Drawing, Trigonometry, and Religion and Modern Life. The one recommendation which we wish to emphasize is—Do not spend any more time than necessary on work that does not interest you. If any particular phase of a course should take your interest, explore deeper into it and make a special study of it. Above all, BE YOUR OWN GUIDE.

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# THE MIRROR



Vol. LXXIV No. 1

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# *Asthma*

---

BY GERARD PIEL

**Y**OU fellows talk as if issues really determined a political campaign. As a matter of fact, you can count on fifty per cent of your vote as coming from Democrats or Republicans who vote for your man for the simple reason that a star or an eagle is attached to his name. As for the rest, if you don't let yourself be stampeded by the American Legion or the Anti-Saloon League, wait long enough to see how the people feel about the main issues, and then give them a good show—why it's in the bag.

You remember Norton, Governor Norton, don't you?—That's the one. He was a good governor, had two terms, but an attack of hay fever was all that kept him from having none.

He was a professor—in economics, I think—at McSlane, when a local boss unearthed him and suggested him to me as a possibility for governor, since all we had in mind was poor old Peters, who had been licked three times in succession. The novelty of a professor running for office appealed to me, and I sold him to the State committee as a vote-getter on that basis. Norton, himself, was a little slow about deciding, but finally appointed me as his campaign manager. We put him through on the fifth ballot at the State convention.

The papers sent herds of reporters down; the idea was going over big; but Norton kicked them all out and said he would “select his own organs of publicity”. I began to get an idea of the kind of “statesman” we had picked; so I called on him to get a general idea of his plans for the future. He started to talk right away about “sound economic policy” and said that he was going to make state government the main issue. I tried to explain that in presidential years good safe, national questions were the only sensible issues for

discussion. The people's one track mind can't keep tabs on more than one campaign at once. He was very testy and said that it was high time they learned and that, furthermore, he didn't believe a word I said. When I tried to explain the wicked influence of showmanship, he got good and sore and said that the fundamental basis of democracy was the people's ability to distinguish between the issues, and that he didn't want to becloud their minds with blather. He was sure, he said, that they would respond wholeheartedly to clarity and honesty of issues, etc., etc. I threw up my hands and decided to lump it.

The opening night of the campaign was going swell. We had a hot-headed young lawyer who denounced Republicanism as morbidly and metaphorically as any good Irishman could wish, a clergyman with a deep pious voice, a D. A. R. who said something about women in politics, and finally an old spell-binder who brought the crowd to its feet when he introduced "Samuel Carlton Norton, Ph.D., LL.D., of this state".

Dr. Norton started off on the wrong foot right away. He got up to the stand before the speaker finished, waved imperiously for silence, and rustled his papers impatiently, thereby losing the benefit of a perfectly good ovation. In his best professorial tone he began to outline his first "syllogism". The crowd was still excited and would break out in claps when he finished a sentence. He squelched that quickly enough and got them to pay attention. That was the end of him. Before he got through his introductory theme, there wasn't one person in the hall who knew what he was talking about. Somebody would start to clap when he heard a familiar word, and Dr. Norton would look up coldly and the offender would blush and pretend his hands were cold. After a couple of hours he sat down, much to everyone's surprise, until somebody suggested that perhaps it was because he was finished. Then there was a round of applause and everyone went home.

When I asked him how he wanted to explain that, he said that

he didn't understand me and that it was the best behaved crowd that he had ever seen. I gave him up and concentrated on holding the party together. I got my good friend ex-Senator Hopper to go on the stump, booming up the reduction of taxes. The next time that Dr. Norton spoke, I played safe and scattered the members of the local Democratic Club in the audience with instructions to start some noise "every hour on the hour", regardless of what Dr. Norton was saying.

So went the campaign. The party organization kept itself together through the influence of barbecues and, of course, picnics for the kiddies. But that wasn't a majority by a long shot. We had only two weeks before the elections, and I hadn't as yet dared to venture out into the rural districts. I finally decided on a flying attack with most of Dr. Norton's speeches from the platform of an observation car, to be punctuated when necessary by blasts of the steam whistle.

So I hired a private car and started. We made two stops in the rolling country that day. But Dr. Norton didn't go over. His only response to uplifted babies was a bow. When they shouted, "Speech", he said that he was sorry that time did not permit and that he feared, were he to make a single unenlarged statement, it might be misconstrued. The train pulled out, leaving the crowd munching hay meditatively. His first real speech was in the Northfield H. S. Auditorium. I don't have to explain. The general reaction was that "thar warn't no sech animule".

Next morning I was startled by a loud sneeze, and Doctor Norton, red-eyed and miserable, limped into my compartment blowing his nose.

"Atischoo! This dabbled asthba of bide. I always ged it id the coudry. Atischoo! How cad I bake by sheeches dow? Atischoo! Dabbid!"

Well, needless to say, I saw to it that the car stopped in every town that day while I trotted out Dr. Norton and his sneeze, explain-



ing that we were all human after all and that Doctor Norton was just trying to tell them that they had a lovely town. The train then moved off in a burst of cheers, and Doctor Norton cursed me up and down for my damned cheapness and demanded that I please stop making a fool of him.

That night he was to address the Grange in Pittsfield—you know, the county seat of Winchester. I introduced him and apologized in glowing terms for his hay fever, which had by now almost downed him. He got up, very peeved, and started his usual grind; but before he got through his first sentence, he sneezed. The whole crowd whispered a devout “God bless you!”; that was simply uncanny. From then on it was anybody’s game. He would get testier and testier, trying to crowd as many of his beautifully constructed periodic clauses as he could between sneezes. The farmers didn’t understand a word he said; but, hearing his voice rise in crescendo, they would burst into cheers every time that he stopped. Farmers, you know, will cheer any public figure who gets excited, because they feel that naturally no one gets excited about anything except the wretched milk and wheat prices. When he finally sat down, the place was in an absolute uproar.

After ten days of that, we returned home, nervous wrecks, with two box cars full of prescriptions and telegrams of sympathy. The rural papers talked of him as the champion of farmers’ rights (which he was, in his obscure way), and their columnists printed column after column of human interest stuff about his hay fever. He was disgusted with me and insisted that such ribaldry would ruin his appeal to the educated classes.

Well, it was the biggest vote the Democrats polled upstate in forty years, and it was just enough to beat the city deficit. When I went to see him the morning after elections, he sat at his desk red-eyed and happy. He put out his hand in a paternal manner and said:

“Well, Joe, what did I tell you? Give the people a chance and they’ll respond to sound economic sense even despite—Atischoo!”

“God bless you,” I said fervently.



BILL

## *Bill and Beer*

---

BY W. ROBERT JOHNSTON, JR.

THE slamming of the car door was hailed by a stentorian voice booming from the dim shadow of the doorway; a rather hesitant "Who is it?" was followed immediately by a happy roar of recognition.

"Come in! Come right on in and set down." The huge form of Bill drew aside to let us in. "Here, Momma, get some more chairs. I'm sure right glad to see y'all."

The room into which we had been ushered was the combination kitchen and dining-room of a woodsman's log cabin. In the bright glare of the hissing gas lamp the accoutrements of such a place could be seen: the wood stove, a calendar in the shape of a valentine, empty pickle bottles full of flowers, a crude table, and in the far corner, a small barrel which served as a spittoon.

We all sat down. Cigarettes were fished out of pockets and offered to our host, who, however, with an air of pride, reached up behind a squeaky radio and produced a carton of Camels. In a superior manner he offered us *his* kind of smoke, while ignoring our outstretched packages with supreme disdain.

"I just got these for my birthday, and you'll never catch me smoking anything else. No, sir!" he remarked.

"Sissy," replied his wife, Momma, in scorn. "A cigar'd knock you out."

"Now, now, Momma, you know I ain't been well since I left Kentucky. Thirty years ago nothing could've floored me, but now I...."

Here he was interrupted by Harvey's voice. "Tell us about the time when you looked over that still in the Blue Grass region, Bill. But first get us a little beer; a day's hunting sure does create a thirst."

We greeted his words enthusiastically as Bill disappeared down the cellar stairs, flashlight in hand, to fulfill our request.

A moment later his great bulk reappeared in the doorway, his pockets and arms bristling with bottles of beer. Soon everyone was peacefully settled with a bottle of home brew, waiting for the former Kentuckian to begin his story.

"Well, now, I gotta get all set," complained big Bill as he poured down a pint without any hesitation. "It was back in 1900 when I was last in that there section, and I'd nigh forgotten about that place until you called it to my mind, Harvey. I'd left our cabin early one morning with this moonshiner, who was a special pal of mine. 'Long 'bout noon we saw this bare, ploughed field ahead. Lem led me to a stump where he began to count thirty paces." Saying this, Bill arose and walked slowly away, looking back at us all the while. Returning to his place, he resumed, "Well, at thirty paces Lem stoops and pulls up a piece o' sod, and lo and behold, there was some steps down into a tunnel. When we went in, we had to feel our way along the darndest winding passage I never did see; I was near unto dizzy. After a spell, we came to a blank wall; Lem rapped twice (two raps by Bill), and what happened but the wall fell in and there was the nicest, shiningest distillery machinery that I ever laid eyes on! Them things shone like jewels. By God, they did! (Bill's eyes glistened in happy memory of these divine instruments). I'm sure gonna . . ."

"Get some more beer, Bill." The discordant voice of Momma broke rudely in upon this dream. The spell shattered, he lumbered away to do his wife's bidding. We immediately began to discuss the splendor of by-gone days, which the tale of this quaint "beer baron" had recalled to us.

Again he emerged from the lower regions of his dwelling, this time overwhelmed by his load of quart bottles of this innocent beverage. "There ain't no sense in drinking them pints," he scoffed. "It's a waste of time—and these big bottles taste different from them little ones. There's some tang; I can't describe it, no how." In

his vain search for this "tang", he let the amber liquid rush down his gullet, without bothering to swallow it.

"Nope, I just can't lay my finger on it," he sighed disappointedly, "but I'll keep on trying, by God." With that in mind, he again fell to, until a sum total of six quarts had disappeared. "It's no use," he groaned, "but no one'll ever say that Bill Kaffner ever left a job undone." He renewed his task with extraordinary determination as another pint met its maker.

Tiring momentarily of his beloved labor, he got up and strolled casually over to a bare space of wall. Contemplating it mournfully, (beer always made him morose) he suddenly clenched his right fist and let it fly at the defenseless obstruction. He repeated his action, this time with more gusto.

"Careful of that there wall," wailed Momma. "There ain't nothing behind that sheet-rock."

"You gotta keep in practice," muttered Bill defensively, still eyeing the wall as though it were going to hit him back. Nevertheless, he returned to his place and dampened his many griefs in another prolonged swallow. "If this stuff is consoomed slow and reverent-like, it won't hurt a baby. Look at me." He held up an arm on which there was a wrist whose circumference would have put a strong man's biceps to shame. "If Momma wasn't worried about my hurting myself, I could'a busted that wall in one blow." No one doubted his statement, all having seen the wall tremble and nearly collapse under the force of his attack.

At this point Bill struggled to a standing position. "I gotta go feed old Colonel boy. He ain't had no oats since mornin', and the little fella worked hard today. Yes, sir, he did now."

"He thinks more o' that consarned horse than he does o' me," groaned Momma. The chorus of protests was immediate and profuse in denial of this fact. "Well, he does," she pouted, determined to have her way.

Bill reappeared; for a moment he stood gazing at us with a somewhat toothless and benevolent smile. Then, slapping his



stomach with amazing vigor and power, he moaned, "I got a pain in my belly; maybe I et sumpin?"

"It couldn't have been anything you drunk," retorted Momina.

"Now, now, Mommy, you know I ain't had much tonight. Anyhow, that stuff couldn't hurt a baby." he reiterated with child-like faith. "And besides, I don't never drink it except when I'm by myself or with somebody." This he said with an air of having conquered his beloved spouse in a verbal battle, after all his years of failure. Seeing the light of victory gleaming in his eyes, it seemed best to take our leave, for Bill celebrated anything which he could, with great lavishness, thereby giving himself a stellar opportunity to "sample" his handiwork.

We arose; on asking him for our bill, tears began to form in his big eyes. "Why, it's right kind of you all to offer to pay; but, by God, when Bill Kaffner likes people same as he does you, then it's his treat, by God, yes."

After we had given the proper amount to his wife, who had been waiting patiently for her mellowed spouse to stop his ramblings, we walked out of the warm room into the cold night, followed by the "Good-night all, God bless you, and come again," of perhaps the greatest beer drinker of modern times.

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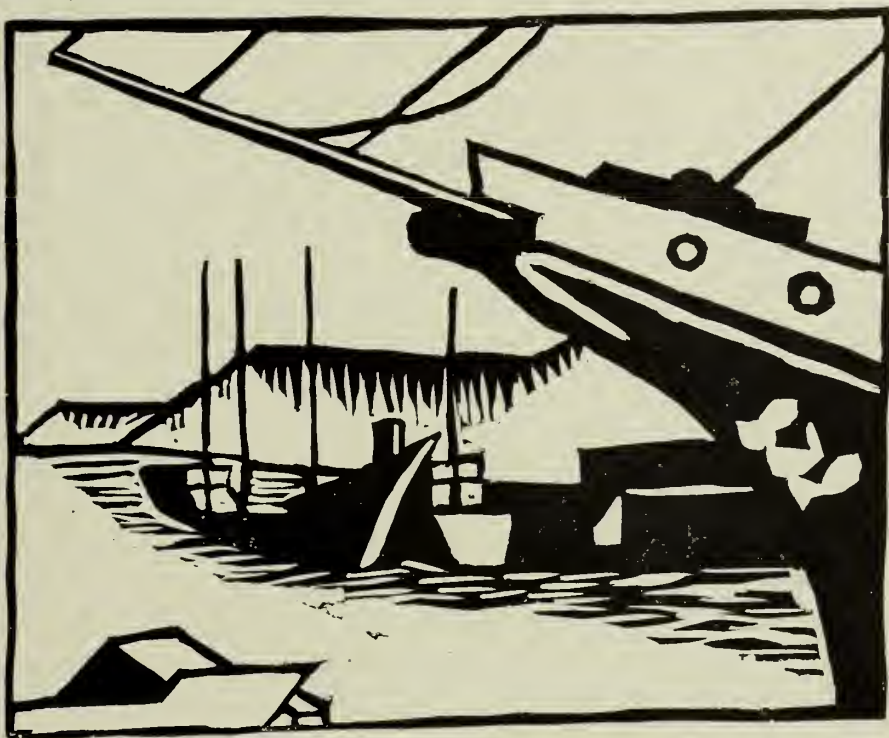
## *Seattle*

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BY WARREN BEACH

O H, Seattle, you pretend to be a respectable city! You have beautiful hills covered with respectable homes, each with its wide lawns encircled by low stone walls, each with its magnificent gardens, each with its imposing portals. Your aristocrats shun and pretend to ignore your house-boat population—your river rats and rheumatic sailors. "Of what importance are these? How revolting!"

But I like the life by the house-boats. There one can breathe freely; there one cannot shock people by breaking some ridiculous social rule; there people pursue their petty interests with vigour and satisfaction—perhaps it is to quarrel, perhaps to complain of their lot. These people live in closely packed house-boats, bordering upon the shores of the lakes. The boats are stationary affairs, supported by piles, old logs or pontoons, and attached to the shore by piers and stairways crossing and re-crossing each other in a puzzling maze. Each person has built differently from his neighbor. Some have been rich enough for a gabled roof, some could afford paint, and a few live in neat cottages with geraniums in the window and a Packard at the door. Out beyond the house-boats, great, forsaken barques swing at anchor. The house-boaters will tell you that these ships were built for transportation during the war, but are now merely old junk.



Oh Seattle, your industries and shipping do not make nice men; the struggle for existence is too hard. Old hags wait along your docks to snare sailors coming "flush" to port. These men will swagger for a few days, spending lavishly their gains on liquor and women. What they do not spend will be picked from their pockets as they lie in drunken unconsciousness. Three days, three nights, and they will again be penniless. The men cannot keep from going on a spree after weeks with nothing but sea, work, and more sea surrounding them.

If you should pass by the sewer outlet near the Government Dam, you would see the results of this life. There you would find a colony of small disabled fishing boats, tied to rickety pontoon piers. It is a pretty sight from far off, but this village exists in a perpetual stench of bilge. Its inhabitants crawl out of their damp cabins on sunny days and tinker around their boats, as well as their rheumatic limbs will permit them. They spend hours carrying on insane conversations, speaking of little nothings as if they were of great importance. But who could stay entirely sane, living for years like a helpless, discarded work-animal? Their village nucleus is a red house-boat, on the porch of which sits an old hag, with a black dress on her shapeless form and a red bandanna around her gray locks. Gaudy jewelry dangles from her ears and weighs down her fingers. Perhaps this red house and this jewelry bring in the only income of these poor, helpless castaways.

If you walk along the streets just back of the downtown waterfront, you will find that Seattle also has her bread lines. There milling crowds of discontented, hungry men gather at dusk. They may have spent their day sleeping on some old dock; they may have tried to find work in one of the numerous manufacturing plants; but at nightfall they gather in the ominous silence of despair to receive their bread and soup, while high above them tower the tops of banks and insurance companies, the marks of rich respectability.

# *Connoisseur*

BY EARLE W. NEWTON

**A**S twilight threw its dusky pall across the museum lawn, the massive pillars of the structure cast a wide shadow down the green expanse. A typical light London fog threw a veil over the scenery, obscuring dimly the bent, gaunt form hobbling its way up the steps to the wrought iron doors. The old man pulled at the massive gates and, panting from his exertion, proceeded within.

Lord Maybury was old; some even said a hundred, although the report was generally discredited. Nevertheless, it could not be denied that he was one of England's greatest art critics, and a connoisseur of all fine things.

Met from time to time by polite nods of recognition, he wandered through the vast halls, gazing at a picture here and there, but examining none. Finally, however, his roving glance stopped short. In the dimness of the secluded corner in which it was placed, he made out a rather poorly done drawing. In spite of his well-known repugnance for the early attempts of new artists,—and this was manifestly an example,—he seemed drawn to it by memories, confused and half obliterated in his mind. Nevertheless, from the seemingly hopeless tangle of thoughts, one, clearer and more ductile than the rest, emerged slowly, entering into the foreground of his mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Winter descended with appalling suddenness upon the tiny village of Winfield, Sussex. Sweeping down from heavily laden clouds, blustery winds sent chill gusts through the single rude street, sparing no object within their path. Even the impressive mansion of the village "squire" succumbed to the storm, and found itself encircled by myriads of white flakes. Within, an aged man sat in an immense arm-chair, staring into a crackling mass of flames before

him. The fire leaped and bit at the blackened sides of the fireplace encaging it, while each cutting blast of wind that threw itself against the shivering window seemed only to anger it the more. Pulling his chair closer, the squire passed his chill hands before the warmth.

It was on cold, blustery nights such as this that the welcoming crackle of the wood most soothed his tired soul, healing the wounds of his day's struggle. For the "Squire", as he loved to be called, was not of the type who live on the toil of their ancestors,—although as a fact he could not have done so, even if he wished, since they had handed down no pecuniary result of their labor,—but was of the kind who love their work for its own merits, thinking not of it solely as a means of livelihood, but as a source of genuine enjoyment and pleasure. Nevertheless, it was often that his position as president of Winfield's sole industry, a textile mill, bore hard upon his advanced years and kindly spirit, not yet hardened to the task of dispassionate overseeing. After a day of this, it was his chief luxury to recline in his favorite old "leatherback" before the cheery fire, and think.

When in this mood, it did not please the squire to be interrupted; hence he was slightly irritated as a knock sounded upon the door, and even more so as the sounds of a noisy entrance reached his ears. His old butler pushed aside the curtains and spoke in a low voice:

"Hi'm sorry to bother you, sir, but there is a young man just come, who wonders hif he could wait the storm out 'ere."

The squire grunted a somewhat surly "yes"; then added to it, "Show him into the library; I don't want to be bothered here."

"Yes, sir. Hit shall be as you say, sir." The aged servant disappeared, and again the old man sank back into the depths of his massive seat.

\* \* \* \* \*

A cheery, yet respectful voice by his side in the museum cleared the memories from Lord Maybury's mind with amazing swiftness.

"Do you like that, sir? I noticed that you have been exam-



ining it for quite some time." A stout man of perhaps fifty stood slightly to his right.

"Ah-h-h, er-r-r-, oh! Yes, yes. Very much. Ah-h, do you, by any chance, know anything of its history?" stammered the connoisseur in his confusion.

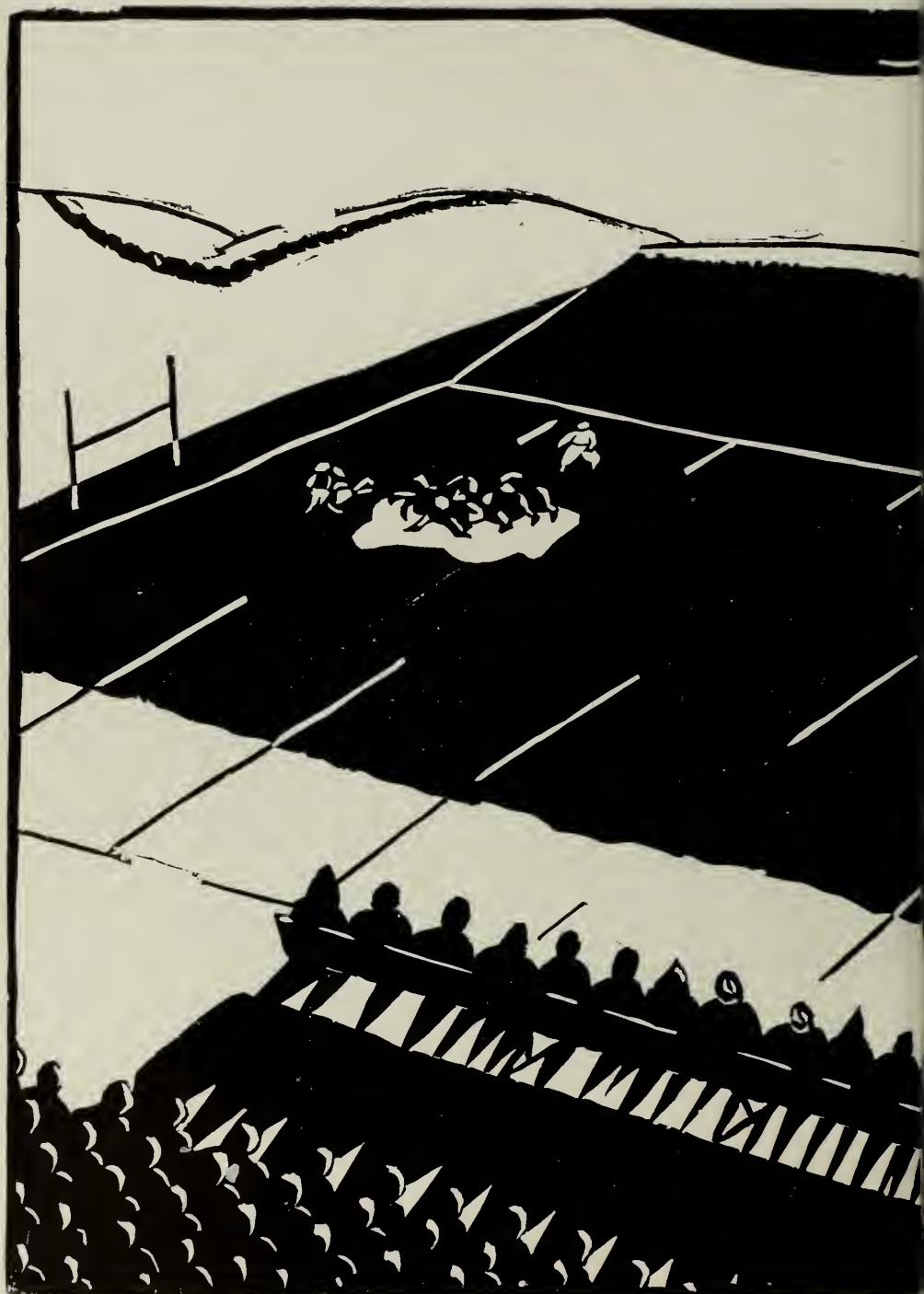
"Yes, sir. I do. You see, some thirty years ago, the pursuit of his duties took a young broker's agent into a small Sussex town; I believe the name was Winfield. Suddenly as he was about to depart, a blizzard descended upon the countryside with terrific force. He was forced to take shelter in a house by the road, which, quite by chance, was the most imposing mansion in the village. He was admitted, and perfunctorily shown into the library, where he might sit out his stay with Dickens and Thackeray as companions. However, it was not long before he had caught a glimpse of an old man of, say, about 60, sitting in a reverie in front of the fire. He seemed a picture of contentment and thought. That scene, perhaps peculiarly enough, made an indelible impression upon his mind.

"Years after, that same man, no longer young, made a small drawing, in a yearning for art, which was adjudged good enough for exhibition in this hall. The picture, sir, is that one, and the artist, myself."

Maybury's face was a mask. Without further parley or inspection he said, bluntly enough, "Is it for sale?"

The man nodded. "Yes, sir. Being a bit hard up at present, although I treasure the piece, I'll let you have it for four pounds if you like."

"Ummmm," was the only answer. Nevertheless, the great art critic, though having little patience with first efforts, delved into the recesses of his pocket, brought forth several notes, and thrust them into the hands of the struggling artist. He then tucked the cardboard under his arm and limped off. The recipient of the money glanced at it. To his surprise the bills totalled forty, rather than four pounds. He ran hurriedly down the corridor, but saw no trace of the deaf, old connoisseur. As he threw open the great front doors, he caught sight of a wizened figure, hobbling off into the mist and darkness. With a gesture of resignation he thrust the banknotes into his pocket and re-entered the gallery, closing the massive iron bulwarks behind him.



MASCOT: "AN ME PAL, C



ITCHED ME IN A PUDDLE."

## *A Psalm of School*

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BY E. J. WOFSEY

(With apologies to Longfellow)

Tell me not those mournful numbers,  
Fifty-nine so cruel does seem;  
Tell me that I'm deep in slumbers,  
And it all is but a dream.

School is earnest, and I'm yearning  
For the parchment that's my goal.  
Four years here, and yet returning;  
Once more English takes its toll.

Math is long and time is fleeting;  
Though I tear my hair and rave,  
Still no answer sends its greeting,  
And the outlook's very grave.

For the freedom of vacation  
With a heavy heart I yearn;  
For relief from the equation  
That I know I'll never learn.

Lives of great men make me wonder  
If they had to study French,  
Or if they ever heard the thunder  
Of the teacher from his bench.

It seems to me too sad a story  
That when Caesar told of Gaul,  
He obscured most of his glory  
When in Latin he wrote all.

Let me, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
If I do some long reviewing,  
It may not yet be too late.

# *The Rebirth of a Nation*

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BY WILLIAM L. NUTE, JR.

THE kiss of the prince has awakened the Sleeping Beauty; and under his devoted, but unsparing, guidance she is learning that the life of wide-awake reality is not so pleasant, so easy, nor so predicably undisturbed as that of the dreamland in which she has dozed these two hundred years. And the beauties of the world may well ask themselves who this young prince may be whose bride bids fair, in due time, to place herself as their equal and rival.

To recount the history of Mustapha Kemal, the revivor of Turkey, would be as wasteful of time and paper as to set forth the history of the tree while the fruit hangs ripe for eating. For our interest is with Mustapha Kemal, only as the spirit incarnate of those ideals and aims toward which he is leading this new Turkey emergent. And this spirit admits of no biographer, no confinement to a series of dates, no limitations of chronology; for it is at once as old as knowledge and as young as a summer dawn.

The regime of Mustapha Kemal was firmly established when, in 1922, he finally defeated the Greeks and drove them out of Asia Minor. From that time he has been hailed as the idol of the Turkish people, and their bestowal upon him of the title "Ghazi Pasha, the Victorious", is the only homage that he is willing to accept. But this tight-lipped dictator is more than a soldier. Were he no more than that, the present era of Turkish history would be but a bad dream disturbing the smooth peace of her death-like sleep, an incident at whose close she would but plunge the deeper into stagnation. But Mustapha Kemal is more than the soldier-realist; he is the patriot-idealist. And here we have the essential paradox of both the character of Kemal himself and of his political program: the unscrupulous and unsentimental realist is, in ultimate purpose



and theory, an idealist. The autocrat, who even forbids by law the existence of any other political party than his own, is at the same time the public servant, striving unequivocally for the common weal. And the man whose lack of confidence in individuals is remarkable for one in so high and responsible a position has the most implicit trust in the abstract qualities of the Turkish people.

There are three planks in Mustapha Kemal's platform. Briefly stated, they are homogeneity, autonomy, and westernization. The first of these, particularly, is a principle with which we, with our slogan of "America for the Americans", should be able to sympathize. And here again his characteristic ruthlessness is brought out in the fearful story of the deportations, in which hundreds of people lost their lives by cold and privation and many more were separated from their families or left destitute without homes or means of support. The plan, on paper at least, was that those Turks living in Greece and the Balkans should be transported to various parts of Turkey, and that the Greeks, Jews, and Armenians then residing in Turkey should be deported to replace them. The results of this drastic action must be confessed to be of doubtful benefit to Turkey, for by so doing the scalpel of Surgeon Mustapha has amputated from the Turkish body the commercial circulatory system, which had its place, somewhat similarly to Roman custom, among the subject races. The Ghazi Pasha, however, sees no reason why his beloved Turk should not himself turn a successful hand to business, and he has, as it were, thrown his child into the water with the injunction to sink or swim. Those who have been familiar with the horrors of the deportations must hope that they shall, at least, not have been destitute of benefit to someone.

The second plank of the Kemalist platform, autonomy, is, of course, natural to every revolutionary state. Nor is it surprising that Turkey should wish to shake off, on her awakening, every trace of foreign control. During the last century she had descended from a position of considerable prominence to become the tool of drawing-room politicians, a mere weight in the pan, kept there by the Western

Powers to offset an expanding Russia. From the outbreak of the war Mustapha Kemal realized that a victorious Germany would make Turkey its satellite, while in defeat Turkey would become a scape-goat. And in 1919 the patriot's disgust at the efforts of the Allies to snatch as much as possible from an apparently moribund state, and to maintain an insolently aggressive position of influence in Constantinople, was directly causal both to his transferring the center of authority to central Anatolia, beyond the reach of foreign arms, and to his forming the unequivocal foreign policy which he has since put into effect. Incidentally, in the matter of foreign relations, if the new Turkey should receive the goodwill of her neighbors for no other reason, the fact that she is the only country of the Near East which has no ambition to expand beyond her present frontiers should entitle her to some toleration.

The second plank of the new regime is also not without splinters. For the idea of complete freedom from foreign control is such a mania that Turkey finds it very difficult to obtain credit from or to establish close commercial connections with other countries without yielding to them concessions which she considers damaging to her autonomy. What Mustápha Kemal plans to do, or is doing, about this situation, especially in the present depression, I do not know, but in Turkey, as everywhere else today, the financial problem is a major one.

The third and most spectacular section of Mustapha Kemal's program is that startlingly vigorous policy of westernization which has, from time to time, excited the wonder and amusement of the Occident. It is the creed of this energetic dictator that only in freedom, alike from the live hand of foreign control and the dead hand of an obsolete past, can the Sovereign Will of the People find its expression. And here again is illustrated the nonentity of the individual and his personal rights in the eyes of the Turkish Republic. Not only have such matters of public concern been dealt with as the suffrage of women (in a country where, up to within two decades ago, any woman was an outcast who showed her face to a man not her immediate relation), and the substitution of a code of law based on the Swiss system in place of the old Islamic law, but even such

personal matters as dress and social customs have been drastically tampered with by the president. So numerous have such changes been in the few years of Mustapha Kemal's regime that it would be indeed futile to enumerate them. The essential principle underlying most of them, however, has been to place upon a secular basis the legal, administrative, and educational systems, as well as the great body of social customs and conventions. This reform is one of great moral significance in destroying the theocracy which has been the rule ever since a Turkish Sultan in the early sixteenth century assumed the title of Caliph and became the spiritual head of the Moslem faith.

In conclusion, if it seems to us that the reawakening and reinstatement of Turkey is being accomplished at too great a loss to individual life, property, and happiness, let us remember that these people are facing crises such as we overcame a century and a half ago, and that they have not, as we had, either the doctrine of brotherly love and mutual good-will, or even that of the sanctity of personal rights and liberty. The leaders of these new young nations, born in the travail of the Great War, are very grim about the ideals toward which they strive; and lives of one, ten, or a hundred individuals count as nothing in the balance against the heritage of those unborn. Not alone in Turkey, but in Russia, in Germany, and in Italy men are sacrificing their most cherished possessions for the ransom of their children, and the fervor that is theirs is the spirit which writes itself in flaming letters across the page of history.



# *He Who Waits*

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BY JOE WHITE

*Scene.* A room in a fortress located in the center of a gorge in the Caucasus Mountains. The room is occupied by three Russian officers. Dmitri, the general in command, stands gazing out of a window in the rear; Peter and Grigori, his subordinates, are playing cards in front of a fire which shines upon their gaudy and dishevelled uniforms. It is raining.

*Dmitri.* This horrible weather drives me insane! Why don't those idiots attack us and be done with it? We have waited one, two, three, four weeks—

*Peter.* Never mind the statistics. If they don't choose to fight, I am quite content to stay where I am.

*Dmitri.* But in Moscow they are celebrating Christmas! There we could be eating caviar twelve hours out of Astrakhan; here we have to hold our noses and cram down their wretched bortsh and sour cream!

*Grigori.* What can you expect of a country where they don't even talk like humans? Their language is like the snouting of pigs.

*Dmitri.* If they would confine themselves to one tongue, it might be bearable—but no, every miserable little village must have its own jargon.

*Peter.* As soon as you learn the word for wine in one village, you move on and have to start all over again in the next. It's absurd, I say!

*Dmitri.* Gentlemen, we shall have to do something about it—even fight, if it is absolutely necessary. Remember, the sooner we subjugate these pests, the sooner we get out.

*Grigori.* Our brave general has already subjugated one half of them. Now all that we have to do is dispose of the men. What could be fairer, comrade?

## *The MIRROR*

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*Dmitri.* Thank you, Grigori, I am glad you give credit where it is due. But seriously, I don't believe you realize the danger.

*Peter.* I can take it up any time you get tired, general.

*Dmitri.* As I was saying, I have a plan which I believe will solve all difficulties: you gentlemen will have the honor of leading the attack, while I come up from the rear with a small band and—

*Grigori.* What? Our brave general at the head of his troops? Unthinkable!

*Peter.* What would the Minister of War say?

*Grigori.* No, general, I don't believe I care to play with our little friends; they are so unsportsmanlike.

*Peter.* Yes, always popping at one from behind trees, or dropping boulders on one's head.

*Dmitri.* Well, I don't hear you dogs suggesting anything!

*Grigori.* Why not the usual thing? In a short time we could fix this country so that there would be no one left in it to resist.

*Dmitri.* Burning villages and fields is all right in the summer time. But do you think that I am going to tramp about this place for two months trying to start fires in the rain?

*Peter.* Ours is not to question, but to obey. I believe that we shall have to tear ourselves away, general. Good day. (Exeunt Peter and Grigori.)

*Dmitri.* What a noble pair of warriors! I see that I can't pass this off onto them. But something must be done about the Khan's men out there; I have no intention of playing tag with them among their wooded hills. What barbarous fools they are! Samander Khan and Dashvili, our worthy foes, will be after each other as soon as I leave. (Enter an aide.)

*Aide.* Prince Joseph Mikhail Grigorovitch Dashvili to see you, sir.  
(Enter the Prince, bowing formally.)

*Dmitri.* Ah! I am indeed honored; please sit down, sir. Will you have some of our revolting wine? No? Can't say I blame



you. Now then, what has brought you to my door? (Aside) The gods are indeed with me! If I only play my cards correctly.

*Prince.* It is a matter of honor, sir. I have been gravely insulted by that offensive pig, Samander Khan: he has had the effrontery to offer me a mere two kopecks per head for my noble Georgian troops! Think of it, sir! It is a slur that I cannot bear, and I have come to offer you my services against him—at five kopecks per head.

*Dmitri.* But I am a man of peace, sir. It is my wish that we hold council with Samander, and, perhaps, we may settle the matter without bloodshed.

*Prince.* Never! Never, sir, will I consent to remain under the same roof with that ill-smelling rogue! (Becomes frenzied.)

*Dmitri.* But reflect, sir. We have as yet made no agreement, and I am still virtually the enemy of you both. Is it not the mountain law that blood-feuds are forgotten in times of war? Samander is your ally.

*Prince.* What you say is true. I am complaisant. Still—

*Dmitri.* Good! I knew you would see the matter in its true light. (Dmitri sends his aide to Samander's camp with the message that he is prepared to surrender. Until the Khan arrives, Dmitri tries to calm the Prince. Enter Samander, scowling under his fur cap at the Prince, and followed by a formidable bodyguard.)

*Samander.* What do you want of me?

*Dmitri.* I have only to tell you, sir, that I am not prepared to cope with an army such as you lead. When I left Moscow, I expected to contend with a mere uncivilized, barbarous tribe; but I found, in short, more than I had bargained for. Consequently, I have no honorable course open to me except to tender you my sword in full and unconditional surrender.

*Samander.* Then peace is declared! (With a ferocious growl he

springs at the Prince, who dodges him and makes an undignified exit by the window, with Samander and his bodyguard close on his heels. Dmitri sinks into a chair laughing. Enter Grigori and Peter.)

*Peter.* I must say, Dmitri, that it's most inconsiderate of you to be making such a racket down here while we were trying to sleep. Just what were you doing?

*Dmitri.* While you stupid sots were asleep, I arranged to dispose of our enemies without even troubling our army.

*Grigori.* What did you do? Surrender?

*Dmitri.* Exactly!

*Peter.* But, my dear general, that is scarcely *comme il faut*, you know.

*Grigori.* At least we can congratulate our noble general on his originality.

*Dmitri.* Now, if you gentlemen have concluded your remarks, it might interest you to step to the window and see how our enemies are faring.

*Peter.* Who are those obliging fellows that are swarming over the hills onto our esteemed foes?

*Dmitri.* Don't you see that? The little rats are caught in their own trap! They can't run into the hills, or the Prince's men will have them surrounded; they can't run back here, or we will cut them down! Isn't that delightful!

*Grigori.* But why are the Georgians suddenly so vicious?

*Dmitri.* You dolt! I knew that they would be at each other's throats the moment peace was declared, and so I surrendered.

*Peter.* A strange people, indeed: when at war, they do nothing; but in peace—! (Enter Aide)

*Aide.* A package for you just arrived from Moscow, sir. It's rather large, sir. (All crowded around and lay hands on the package.)

*Dmitri.* Gentlemen, please! Just a moment, I beg you! (He opens package and holds aloft a bottle of wine.)

*Peter.* Château Yquem!

*Grigori.* The first wine to pass my gullet in a month!

*Dmitri.* Here! Let us be orderly at all times. Now, gentlemen, in the name of our Tsar, I propose a toast to our most convenient and comfortable victory.

## *Autumn Wind*

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BY LOUIS J. HECTOR

O blow, ye autumn wind,  
And howl around the eaves  
Like baying dogs.

O tear the golden leaves  
And fling them on the ground  
That they may die;

O heap them in a mound  
Of mingled red and gold  
That they may rot.

O with thy piercing cold  
Completely from me take  
All trace of summer.

O freeze this earth and make  
Of it a cool blue sphere  
Of liquid ice.

O tear away my fear  
And make me pure and clean  
As thou;

O blow and freeze the green  
Of summer in my heart  
And let it die.

O make me strong as thou,  
Make me glad to live.  
O blow, ye autumn wind.



# EDITORIAL

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## *First Words*

WE intend to pass over the formalities of accepting THE MIRROR from the tutelage of last year's board and to explain our views and preferences as briefly as possible.

As THE MIRROR is a variable magazine, depending a great deal on the character of its editors, we feel that a short list of our aims and ideas would be opportune. Although we purport to represent the intellectual portion of the student body, we aim above all to please our subscribers. The short story as a form of writing is highly encouraged by us, since we believe that its power of arousing interest is greater and more universal than that of any other form able to be written with some degree of quality by students. Essays and expositions, in our opinion, tend to make THE MIRROR heavy and

uninteresting reading. Humor we also tend to avoid, for we feel that effective humor, sustained throughout an article, is a feat rarely achieved by prep school students. A regular section devoted to humor, a plan that has been suggested to us, can rarely be put over. It was attempted two years ago with little success. But if, however, talent in this line is exposed, we shall be indeed delighted. Poetry, as always, is welcome. Good drawing, painting, linoleum-cutting, and other forms of art embellish the magazine, and we will try, as far as our resources permit us, to bring out the artistic talent of the school. Thus, in greeting the coming year, we open our arms to imaginative, lively, and appealing contributions.

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## *The Study of an Art*

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A T not infrequent intervals teachers of foreign languages exclaim in class: "What English course are you taking? Not fourth year English! And you don't know that the verb 'to be' cannot take a direct object?" And then follow remarks upon the neglect of English teachers for the grammatical portion of the course, so necessary to the study of foreign languages. They hope and believe that declensions, constructions, and conjugations should form the nucleus of a course in English as well as of a course in foreign languages. Furthermore, these foreign language teachers are not the only ones who do not see the point of an English course. Many students, especially those interested in mathematical or scientific work, attack from another angle the English course, not seeing the purpose of its discussions.

The teacher of third or fourth year English takes for granted that basic principles of grammar have been driven in sufficiently by about eight years of drudgery and therefore proceeds with a more interesting and higher type of education. This education brings out more the indefinite mental qualities of students—their powers of imagination, analysis, and clear thinking and the logical and forceful expression of their feelings. This more general, but, we believe, more valuable, education is rarely emphasized in other courses and is by far the hardest type of mental development to bring about, since it involves that variable quantity—personality. Through the



discussions of literature, which for the most part is written to reflect life, we come into a close contact with the inmost thoughts and reactions of characters, and we are thus able to analyze them, compare them to those of real life, and compare our own preferences and tastes with those of others involved in the discussions. In many of these cases, as in comment on poetry, our personal tastes, decided by the feelings and associations that the piece brings to mind, are the only factors in our judgment. In short, the study of literature should be considered as the development of a personal aesthetic sense and a more refined and understanding personality. Furthermore, the opportunity for writing thus afforded does much toward developing exactness in expression and clear thinking and, more important, gives the only outlet for the expression of one's imagination. When we write themes, just as much as when we try to draw, we are, of course, studying and beginning to execute an art.

If, therefore, the study of English depends on these indefinite and aesthetic qualities, why should an embryonic mathematical genius be kept from college by the lack of them? The argument would run that an engineer or scientist, who already has an extremely interesting occupation, does not need them for success. However, these qualities seem to us desirable, though not absolutely necessary, since they would give any scientist a good deal of enjoyment and an additional reserve of talent. Furthermore, the elementary type of English study in preparatory schools should be "waded through" even though the subject is not to be continued in college, and perhaps during this "wading" a real love of the art both in its execution and in its appreciation might grow up.





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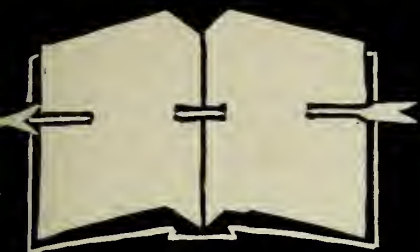
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THE MIDDLE  
WINTER





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## ORGANIZATION

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**B**UT I remember once when Joe couldn't wait for an act of God to swing his ticket. That was at the end of Norton's second term, when the lid was off in the city and Norton walked out on us. He acted as if it was a personal offense and threatened an investigation of his own if Joe didn't do something pretty quick. As it was, he carried off about half our prospects for candidacy with him when he bolted. Things weren't really so bad, most of it honest graft, but when it got to the police...whew! It sure looked as if Joe was on the skids; not that he was responsible, but he had a lot of enemies and he couldn't afford to be careless.

But when the campaign got going, all we had was Joe's candidate, the rest of the party was so up in the air. Somehow Joe had managed to stay on top and finally put over Cassidy, a big handsome, Irish lawyer who looked good in a frock coat. The other party was beginning its solemn rumbling about insolence in office, when, to make it a triangle, an independent, Holz, appeared as the Messiah and lit into us at the top of his tenor voice. He threw even our old timers into a panic and they started writing their righteous rebuttals. But Joe, who was running things pretty generally now, would not let anyone mention him in public, said he recognized the danger, but had his own reasons. Nobody was going to stand for that. But after Joe had called a meeting of the party leaders, they agreed that he had his reasons and let him take over even more completely the job of running the campaign.

The other party chortled gaily at our seeming discomfiture and filled in the background for Holz's tenor with their basses. But Holz was getting tired of daring us to answer him without hearing a reply; so, apparently satisfied that he had disposed of us as potential rivals, he turned on organizations in general, thus including the other party in his range. They were just waiting for the chance to

take personal offense at his remarks and to unleash their men on him. And so between them they hogged the headlines and left us out of the squabble completely. I couldn't understand how Joe could be so complaisant about the way things were going. I tried to get him to see my point of view, even though I was only a ward leader. But he told me to get busy and see that my ward turned in its quota, or everything I had said would be used against me.

I watched Holz when he came into the city, especially around my ward, later in the campaign. He was a pretty average blatherskite, as I made him out, not too original in his line of patent reliefs and very convinced that he was inspired. He could talk all right; but even aside from not saying much, he might have made a better impression if he had had more personality; for he certainly had the opportunity to go a long way.

Now Cassidy was the kind of a guy that appealed to a crowd. He had a sense of humor—although even that couldn't laugh off the party scandals that had estranged the whole press, most of the churches, and what little support we had in the rural districts. Most farmers and ministers don't have a sense of humor anyway, they are so serious about life; and a scandal like ours always seems to justify their suspicion of "city ways". But be that as it may, it is to Cassidy's credit that he didn't try to laugh it off. He sort of looked through it in a patriarchal manner into the "dawn of a new day in the Party", as he put it.

The other crowd was in their mid-season form. They were viewing with alarm and pointing with pride in the tried and true way; why, they even out-metaphored Cassidy on occasion. But Holz was their particular enemy when they aimed their shots. They were so worried about Holz, they seemed to leave us out of consideration after they got through with their holy muckraking and had pronounced their final anathema. As a matter of fact, towards the end of the campaign they acted as if they had been gassed by their own hot air and committed the stupidest tactical blunders. But Holz was, more than anything else, grateful to them for their publicity and joyfully furnished them copy. By this time he had de-

veloped an effective style that really won enthusiasm, especially in the rural districts. His influence was growing.

At about this stage in the campaign a new element entered the field to help him out, the "Holz for Governor" clubs. They sprang up all over the place, particularly out in the sticks. He tried to disown them, pleading that he was fighting on his own, without an organization to which he would have to cater after election. They said that they were only a temporary organization trying to help him, because they had faith in him, and that they expected nothing in return. They weren't really active, but they did swing a lot of votes finally, especially in the country, where most of them were started. It was a good thing for us because we didn't have any votes there anyway, and a vote there for Holz was a vote for us.

So the campaign wore on through September and October. We worked all hours in the city; Joe was driving us hard, always shouting that our regular voters were the only ones that could swing us.

Well, we won the election with a nice fat margin. It was the usual big-city plurality, our machine was still in good shape; but the deciding fact was that the other party's rural vote was down to about half, with a heavy vote for Holz.

I wasn't surprised, especially when I went to see Joe a couple of days after the elections. We gloated over the reports, and, when I was about to go, he said that he was expecting an old friend of mine and asked me to stay. In a few minutes the telephone rang.

"Send him up," says Joe.

In a few minutes the door opens and in walks . . . Holz! He grins suspiciously and then looks hard at Joe.

"Good morning," he says.

"Ah, good morning," says Joe and introduces us. "Now Holz," he says, "I was reading your interviews. . . ."

"Thanks," says Holz.

"You've done a good job—"

"Thanks," says Holz.

"—for us."

"Well . . . yes, I have considered that . . . and I regret it. But



you just wait. I'm not through yet. I'm coming back next time."

"But see here, Holz; there's a practical side to it. How do you expect the people to remember you that long? Now no offense—but you must admit they are fickle."

"I don't see exactly what all this . . . well, yes, I have plans: I'm going to concede you a point on the matter of organization . . . I . . . ah—"

"Oh, your 'Holz for Governor' clubs?"

"Well, yes. They would sort of form the—"

"I was afraid of that. Now see here, Holz. I started those clubs. I organized them. My own men ran them. I did it for the express purpose of using you as a wedge to split the other party's vote. You did nicely . . . You were a part of my organization."

Holz sort of rocked back on his heels, went scarlet, and then leaned forward over Joe's desk, trembling with rage and fairly screaming: "I'll have that story in every front page in the country in twenty-four hours . . . you . . . you!"

Joe looked at him square. "'You took a bribe and betrayed the people who voted for you.'"

Holz was very white. He dropped his eyes from Joe's face, cleared his throat weakly . . . and sneaked out . . .

Joe was silent for a minute, while I tried to catch my breath. He chuckled, "Gad, it's lucky he wasn't organized any better than that."

GERARD PIEL

---

## BARATHRON

---

*Hinc via Tartares quae fert  
Acherontis ad undas.—Aeneid V*

Moral elevation praises and pauses,  
Refreshing itself beneath the tide of  
Purer cogitations of the few who are  
Unharried by this world of emptiness.  
May someone cut their wood  
And let them drink their cocoa  
From the saucer of knowledge, if they so desire.

J. F. F.

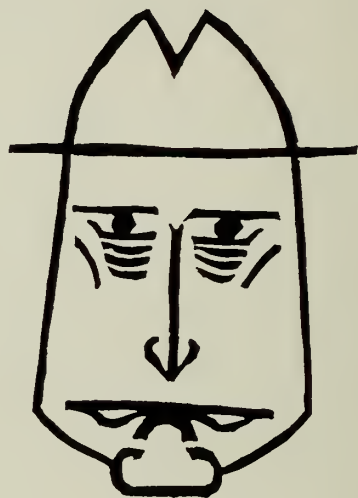
## DIE AMERICAN

---

REVIEWING all our recent expeditions into the realms of prevalent stupidity, we can select no choicer, no more blatant, or more intriguing a morsel than what is known as the "Buy American" Campaign. Few of us whose communities are blessed with Hearst publications have been spared the annoyance of perusing four columns on the elaborate internment of some poor gangster, only to be confronted at the touching conclusion by that stupendously self-important injunction, "Buy American". Investigation of the paper's index will inevitably disclose an entire page devoted to the campaign, containing an article by Governor Warmwind of Wallawawa, in which he compliments the publications on their integrity and efficiency in conducting the good work, or perhaps a similar message by Headmistress Fiditch of school-district 31. The more fortunate reader may have the good luck to come across one of those rare epistles dedicated to the campaign managers and written by the "man who boards car 27 every morning at 23rd street and 7th avenue." The inflated purport of the average example (two columns) of this especial dose of printed poison will run somewhat like this: "If foreign powers think they can be unsportsmanlike enough to repudiate their debts and get away with it, they're barking up the wrong tree. I think the "Buy American" Campaign is a noble idea. It should show other nations they can't try funny business like that around us."

It is apparently safe to assume that the campaign's purpose is to educate the public in the complicated principles of economics through the potent influence of the press. This revolutionary movement constitutes a marked advance in progressive education and ought to be lauded and encouraged while it remains in its present embryonic state. Let us momentarily imagine that this new idea on higher education has been suddenly incorporated in the form of

a school, fondly called the Hearst Institute of Economy in honor of its beloved founder and present headmaster. At present the Institute is almost ridiculously incapable of carrying out the noble task which it has molded for itself to perform. But it is still young; with the decades it will mature to the point of casting off childish ways and will recognize its former mistakes as stepping stones to success. From our own efficient institution here, it will have to learn that College Board honors are the result of good instruction alone, that good instruction is the result of the efforts of good instructors, and that any course is taught to better advantage if the professor bases the work on some standard text-book, rather than depending upon the first thought that may or may not penetrate his mind at 7:02 every Monday morning.



After the trustees of dear old Hearst have arrived at these realizations, a general campus-cleaning will ensue. With many a kindly tear they will dislodge Headmaster Hearst from his cozy spot behind his favorite microphone, expelling with him his faculty of propagandists. Then joyfully into the empty faculty-room will rush an eager band of legitimate, well-trained economists, each member from headmaster down to cameraman impatient to saturate the benighted public (whether it likes it or not) with sound, standard economics. The results will be rapid, wonderful, astounding! The ancient, anti-economic theory of "Buy American" will be cast aside in favor of the new, doubly-beneficial Foreign Relations Campaign, supporters of which will not be reviled as radicals and madmen. The new, economically-minded public will utterly refuse to be duped by the few, well-chosen words of the average propaganda-drivelling poli-

tician. The farmers and the unemployed will no longer place childish and implicit confidence in a new deal in which each man is to hold the thirteen spades; and thus will be eliminated the confusion and disappointment necessarily resulting from the discovery that the ace, jack, ten are missing. With the gradual development of the idea of universal economic stability, will doubtless come hopes for a possible prosperity.

But we merely dream. Innocently we mentally contemplate what might occur generations from now, provided only the most beneficial conditions exist. Headmaster Hearst still reclines behind the motion picture lens, energetically and shamefacedly proceeding on the grounds that the United States can commercially isolate herself from nations in which she has invested tens of billions of dollars. Little does he realize that our isolation from the rest of the world in any issue is bound to produce enmity and hinder advancement, not only in the other countries but in our own as well. His policy utterly neglects the fact that American progress hangs directly upon the success of European nations. By crushing the life from European industry with high, barrier tariffs and disadvantageous campaigns, we virtually stamp out the life of our own industry. There can be no evasion of the fact that if Europe falls, we must fall with her. And yet, embedded deeply in the only printed matter that every man reads, can be found persuasive arguments to induce him to aid in ruining his country by lending his support to what ought to be called the Isolation Campaign. At the moving pictures the spirit of the idea appears to be heightened by the sight of numerous captives of school district 31 being unwillingly herded into the neighborhood drugstore and forced to sing the "Buy American" song. The sole argument in favor of the campaign seems to rest on the supposition that through nationwide purchase of American goods more money will remain in the country; hence each individual will possess more material wealth, and prosperity will set in everywhere. It would be a difficult matter to imagine any solution of the present economic difficulties which scratched the surface of our many problems more superficially than this one does.

Its plan is to cure a sick world by segregating a large portion of the infected area and concentrating remedies upon that section alone until a recovery is sure. But meanwhile the disease has run rampant, and destruction is a certainty in the untended portions, without which the cared-for area cannot possibly survive. Inasmuch as the Hearst publications have shown the foresight to set up for themselves the task of enlightening their readers economically, it seems inconceivable that they should have selected the unsound "Buy American" plan as the basis for their procedure.

With regard to prosperity as the result of universal learning, the late Mr. Coolidge wrote, "Civilization means profits." If such be the case, the present period would seem to be an era of profound barbarism. But the above classic comment, based upon the recent epoch of large bank accounts, perhaps carries more significance than might seem justly due it in view of the "crash". Let us generously assume Mr. Coolidge's observation to be an axiom and as such incapable of being proven fact by any definite instance. It should be an easy matter to discover geometrically more information on the situation. In the first place, had the nation been economically civilized five years ago, the "crash" most certainly would have been avoided. Since profits were profuse in 1928 and civilization has been shown to have been at a low ebb during that year, we must add a second axiom to our findings: "Profits do not mean civilization." Today profits are almost non-existent, yet there is definite evidence to show that much more interest in national and world problems is constantly being expressed today than was expressed five years ago, and also that the average citizen of today faces the questions before the world in a far more open and civilized manner than he did a few years back. Thus with every man thinking constructively on his own account, there can be no cause for doubting that recovery is in the immediate, yet dim, future. Hence a third axiom: "Civilization may exist temporarily without profits, but in such a case profits are resultant in the long run."

Our fate then depends, to a greater extent than is commonly comprehended, upon the average citizen's growing enthusiasm and



education in the vital problems pertaining not only to his own locale, but what is vastly more important, to the *world* as a whole. Yet how can this natural American zeal be expected to produce even the puniest of fruit when it is constantly being confused and led into useless and even harmful channels by the most popular of the nation's recreations: the newspaper, the moving-picture, the radio, and even the popular song? If such a state of affairs is permitted to exist, is it logical to suppose that the all-too-common "empty dinner pail" will magically vanish and reappear in a replenished state? To my way of thinking there seems some question as to whether or not it will reappear at all.

In any event it is a certainty that a clear, nationwide comprehension of the ever-changing economic situation will be a major factor in preventing the country from being completely engulfed in a whirling maelstrom of misinterpretation, futility, enmity, and starvation, where it will be impossible to discover so much as a single corner around which to peep, in hopes that Prosperity soon will be there.

A. M. WASHBURN



## THE FIG TREE

---

*What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow  
Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,  
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only  
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,  
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,  
And the dry stone no sound of water.—The Waste Land*

Oh God, God, God, that I might have within me  
    some tremendous passion  
    that I could express.  
Oh Giver of all energy, that I might have  
    some wild, o'erwhelming wave of feeling  
    that I could pour forth  
    upon the tired world.



## HATS AND RUBBERS

---

A biting east wind swept gustily across the campus and nipped at Smith's damp legs with a bitter chill. One of Andover's disgustingly sloppy winter days was drawing to a dreary close, and everywhere puddles of muddy slush and melted snow were trying to protect themselves from the night wind with feeble cellophane coatings of ice. Smith Williams had been one of many students who had tried to make the sagging soft ice of Rabbits Pond serve for one more day, but about the middle of the afternoon his rather large bulk had been too much for it. Now clammy corduroys clung to his legs and hips, and cold chills were running up into his very marrow. His sensitive nature had been offended by the boisterous laughter that his misfortune had brought forth, and he was glad that it was now getting dark, so that no one would notice him as he hurried towards his dorm.

In his room, slowly peeling off damp layers of clothing, he wondered why it always had to be he who did such things as falling in ponds and dropping trays of food in the Commons. In resentment, he started to heave a shoe at the wall, but a foreboding chill made him sneeze instead. Why, how cold he was! He hadn't realized it. Again sneezes shook him. . . .

At two in the morning, Smith was awakened by deep coughs which were racking his whole body. His feet were icy and his head felt hot. He decided to try an aspirin. Groping in his dresser without getting up into the cold room, he found one, tried to swallow it without water, and finally succeeded. He lay on his back for a while, but still the coughing gripped him. Was he going to be sick—have the grippe—in that infirmary? God!—Oh the devil, he was all right. It was just that imagination of his running away again!

But in the morning he felt worse; his cough was ghastly, he could hardly talk, and he knew he had a fever. At ten o'clock,

after moping through a Solid class, he went to the infirmary, where an assistant nurse took his temperature, said, "Oh my!" and put him to bed.

He hated the infirmary—blank white walls, pajamas that were too small for him, persistently cheerful nurses! They were going to write home in spite of his strenuous objections. How his mother would worry! Gosh, he felt terrible—had a wheeze in the bottom of his throat.

Dr. Gage came at three that afternoon, listened to his breathing, didn't like that wheeze, looked at his throat, and didn't like the raw redness which he saw there. He said, "Well, well, Williams," took his temperature, and left.

The next morning an ambulance came to take Smith Williams to Boston. He was frantic in his hoarse objections. Why, he was all right (How it hurt him to talk!); just had the grippe (How weak he was!). Couldn't they even take care of grippe in that blasted infirmary? Dr. Gage quieted him.

Smith didn't think the ambulance ride at all thrilling, as he had heard that ambulance rides usually were. He was worried. Was he really seriously sick? What was wrong with him anyway? Why did he have such trouble breathing? Was it—*could* it be pneumonia? His poor mother. Oh God, it couldn't be pneumonia! He wished they'd turn off that damned siren! He felt them bumping over cobblestones, heard brakes squeaking, police whistles holding up traffic for him—for him! Lord, he *must* be sick.

In the hospital two doctors examined him and looked serious. Smith could hear their whispers, but only unintelligibly. How quiet everything was except for that—all quiet for him! Someone gave him a sickly-sweet brown liquid to drink. He heard the rustle of starched linen dresses, then hushed whispers. A thermometer was in his mouth. Oh why didn't they leave him alone? He thought he'd be able to breathe better if they didn't keep spraying his throat and pouring medicine into him all the time. But it was such a terrible effort even to whisper, much less to object strenuously to anything. His cough came in terrific, strained, racking explosions. His head

buzzed and felt as if it were on fire. He had to gasp for breath. Oh God, he felt terrible! Suddenly he thought he might die. How awful it would be to stop his life now, after all he had looked forward to! He didn't want to die—he wanted to go back to school. He thought dimly that it would be the most marvellous thing in the world to be studying Solid now in his room back there. How far away it all seemed! God, why did he have to fall in the pond? Why couldn't he breathe? Vaguely he thought he must have pneumonia, and vaguely he realized how weak he was. He tried to raise up a little, but there was whirring in his head and blackness before his eyes. Lord, how he needed air! He—why—oh God!

He fell into a tortured, tossing, noisy sleep, and gradually became quieter. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

In Andover, Massachusetts, a master crossed a name off his house list; in five classes boys moved over one place, filling up an empty seat; Phillips Academy donned rubbers, drank cough-medicine, and mourned sincerely and thoughtfully the passing from its midst of one of its sons.

In Pasadena, California, a Mrs. Williams received a telegram briefly telling of the sudden and unexpected death of her son, Smith, due to a violent attack of double pneumonia, and offering to her heart-felt sympathy.

J. B. REIGELUTH



## PSEUDO-INTELLECTUALISM

### THE RETREAT OF THE FECKLESS

---

THE devotees of pseudo-intellectualism are escapists, not intellectuals. True intellectuals write, paint, or play music, and let it go at that. They do not, as a rule, worry about their intellectualism in the least; they perform. In school, they write for the school publications or play in the school plays, then return to their various occupations. The pseudo variety, oddly enough, can neither write well, paint well, sing well, or, indeed, do anything well. They have studied and failed, or barely passed; they have tried athletics with hopeless results; they have unsuccessfully endeavored to become part of the school's mechanism. So, having been unable to attain anything, they suddenly become aloof from the world about them—aloof, and yet painfully conscious. They lie in the grass at the edge of the track, the football field, or the baseball diamond, and, in a low tone, make insulting remarks about the contestants; they pooh-pooh their classes as child's play, in spite of their own inability to master the infantile art.

What time is not spent in making derogatory remarks, is passed in grovelling at the feet of some petty artist of the outside world—preferably an unsuccessful one, for they are chary of success. Perhaps they learn to play one showy, but puerile, piece for the piano, involving much crossing of the hands and many trills; or they write some very bad poetry. Perhaps they learn some foreign language. Then their superiority knows no bounds. They play their one piece, read their few bad poems, or chatter away in their new, but faulty, language, forever and ever, again and again, in a vain attempt to attract the world's notice. Like Kipling's Bandarlog, they "chatter and throw sticks and stones and old refuse, so that the beasts of the jungle may know what great people they are."

Yet should one of them, by chance, make a touchdown or leap to the perilous heights of the honor roll, he immediately eschews the enlightened company in which he has spent so many hours and expends his energies on his newly acquired football or scholarly acquaintances. Alas! No one seems to consider the pseudo-intellectuals so great, not even their own ex-members. So there they lie, on the grass at life's edge, scorning the game that they cannot enter.

WELLS LEWIS

## AENEID B K IV vs. 607-629

---

Thou Sun, who lights the troubles of the world;  
Omniscient Juno, author of my cares;  
Thou goddess of the moon invoked with cries  
By night at crossroad shrines through all the earth;  
You triple sister Furies, and you shades:  
Behold Elissa dying, hear her prayer;  
Avenge the cruel torments she has borne.  
Since it was almighty Jove's decree  
That this cruel man should visit and then flee  
My land, let this be his deserved end:  
At least let them be harassed by long wars,  
Waged by some savage race, and by this war  
Let this perfidious man be exiled in  
His search for aid, thus torn from the embrace  
Of his fond son. Let him behold  
His own in ignominious death and then  
Submit him to the terms of unfair pacts;  
Let him not enjoy his reign in peace,  
But rather let him die before his time  
And lie unburied on the shore. This I  
Beg before I seal my words in blood.  
May you, my Tyrians, pursue this people  
And their race with hate and finally  
Avenge my wretched, wretched death. May there  
Be no love nor peace between our lands;  
May some avenger from our seed arise  
Who will bring justice to these renegades  
From Troy with sword and flame, both now and ever  
When the time and strength permit. This is  
My dying wish: that our people ever  
Be at war on land and sea. So let  
Our sons th'eternal struggle now begin  
And let their children carry on the war.

TRANSLATED BY GERARD PIEL

## PSALM

---

Hear me, O God, for I am mightier than mortal.

Yea, do ye also hearken unto the song of one like unto yourselves, O ye sons of the Most High.

Give unto me to quaff thy bitterest cup, O God, and I will drink a toast to Courage; yea, I will drain a beaker to Fortitude.

Beat me with many lashes, O Master of my Destiny, and I will write my name in blood upon the cornerstone of Heaven; yea, at the foot of thy throne will I leave a remembrance of me.

Give unto me to wrestle in desert places with the devils of my mind, and behold, I shall vanquish them.

Cast me into thy nethermost Hell, and behold, I shall rise thence with its fires in my veins.

Spare me no pain, O King; teach me to bless thy name in midst of bitter agony.

WILLIAM L. NUTE, JR.

## THE STOWAWAY

---

**S**LOWLY along the edge of the massive pier trudged the night watchman, carrying in one hand his battered lantern and in the other his corn-cob pipe. Pausing by a huge pile, he puffed reflectively upon his pipe and gazed out over the waters of the harbor. There was a gusty wind blowing, and through the midnight sky scudded numberless clouds. When they blotted out the moon, only the twinkling anchor lights of ships and their phosphorescent reflections on the rippling waters disturbed the blackness of the night.

Behind a pile of boxes crouched another man. He was not a pleasant object to behold; his clothes had long since become rags, and he could not even remember when he had last bathed. Thomas Stover was his name—a beggar, a tramp, and indeed a fugitive from justice. He was waiting for another cloud to cover the moon so that he might find some ship on which he could stow away.

At length the watchman spat disgustedly into the harbor, picked up his lantern, and continued on his beat. While Stover was waiting impatiently for his lantern to disappear, a cloud covered the moon. The watchman was out of sight now, and the stowaway started forward. He stared at the black and silent hulls of ships tied to the edge of the wharf. Which should he choose? They all looked alike in the darkness, and the footsteps of the watchman, which he could hear approaching again, warned him to hurry. He proceeded cautiously, passing a dozen small craft, which did not look promising, and finally came to a fairly large ship. As he stood beside her, hesitating whether or not to take a chance and leap aboard, the moon came out from behind a cloud, and he was able to read the inscription on her stern:

MARIA-JANE  
HOBOKEN

The watchman's footsteps sounded louder now. It was too late to change his mind. By jumping down onto the ship's deck, Stover had just time enough to duck under the protection of the gunwale before the watchman came by. But by the time this vigilant patroler of the wharf had disappeared, most of the clouds had vanished, and there was no immediate prospect of the moon being covered again. Stover realized that the ship he had boarded was only a small sailing vessel, but it offered a chance to get away, and he knew that with such bright moonlight and such an alert watchman he would have but little chance of reaching another ship.

He started to look for a suitable hiding place and very shortly found an open hatch through which he climbed into the practically empty hold. His sensibilities had long been dulled by a life of hardship, and despite the roughness of the boards, the stowaway was sound asleep before the watchman had completed the circuit of his wharf three times.

When he awoke, the first sound to greet Stover's ears was the lap-lap of water against the other side of the planks on which he was lying. The vessel was evidently at sea. Since a gnawing hunger made further sleep impossible, he decided to explore the ship. The hatch was still open, and he climbed on deck without difficulty. "Where was he bound?" the stowaway wondered as he stretched himself lazily. An ominous silence hung in the air, and although it was broad daylight, he saw no sign of the crew. He resolved, therefore, to try to slip into the galley unnoticed and get some food. He knew he might be seized, but he cared little what happened to him so long as he got something to eat. He walked towards the forward part of the main cabin, where a piece of rusty stovepipe protruded from the roof.

"This must be the galley," thought Stover. But the galley was not only deserted, but also dismantled. There was no sign of food in the cupboards, no fire was in the stove, no pots or pans were to be seen, and even the coal scuttle was empty. After a vain search for something with which to appease his growing hunger, Stover left the galley and walked aft. He expected to meet a sailor at any moment



and be thrown in irons, but his hunger was now so acute that he would have dared anything for a bite to eat. But to his surprise he encountered no one.

Unfamiliar as he was with ships, Stover now noticed for the first time a certain air of desolation on board the *Maria-Jane*. There were no boats in the davits; indeed the only davits that were left were one rusty, broken pair. There were no sails or even spars to be seen. The two masts stood up straight and bare without any running gear whatever. Moreover, there were none of the interesting trinkets, gadgets, and whatnots which are usually found on a ship's deck. He discovered the water kegs and eagerly sought a drink of fresh water; but the kegs were empty and their mocking hollow ring merely sharpened his thirst. He came across the binnacle, but it lacked a compass, and even the glass frame had been removed from the charthouse.

He visited in turn the bridge, the forecastle, and the hold, and finally sat down on the charthouse, exhausted by hunger. He was all alone. Not a human being could he find—not even a ship's cat. There were no boats left, and worst of all not a scrap of food nor a drop of water. Thoroughly alarmed, Stover heartily wished himself back in New York, for there other human beings provided at least some sense of companionship.

Just how long he sat there Stover did not know, but he was rudely awakened from his dull listlessness by a loud whistling shriek, followed by a terrific concussion which shook the whole ship. He leaped to his feet, knowing only that there had been some violent explosion on the other side of the ship. But for several seconds he could not remain standing, the explosion having stirred up great waves which tossed the *Maria-Jane* about roughly. Hardly had the sea calmed down again when Stover heard once more the same whistling screech, not so loud this time, and a half mile to the south a spout of water rose several yards into the air. He was still gazing stupidly at the ring of waves which were radiating from this spot when there was another explosion a thousand yards to the east.

A more intelligent man might have troubled himself to wonder



what these explosions were, but Stover was too terrified to do anything but crouch against the cabin wall, expecting every moment to be his last. He did not know what was happening—he did not want to know—his fright occupied all of his scanty wits, and he only knew that things were exploding all around him and that he was terribly afraid.

Then suddenly there was another ear-splitting explosion, nearer and more violent than the rest; the whole deck seemed to leap into the air and everything struck him from all sides at once. He found himself floundering in the water and clinging to a broken plank, and after that he could only remember holding desperately to the plank while wave after wave broke over him and choked him in its foaming midst.

\* \* \* \* \*

When next he regained consciousness, Stover wondered vaguely where he was and what it was all about. He felt weak and dizzy and tried vainly for several seconds to collect his scattered wits and remember where he was. Then suddenly it all came back to him and he tried frantically to raise himself to catch a good breath of air before the next wave should wash over him. But he was unable to move at all; and, although he held his breath for several seconds, no wave struck him.

But when he looked around him, he did not see a limitless, blue, rolling sea as he expected. Instead he saw a strange white object and another that moved. The first resolved itself into an iron bed covered with white bed-clothes and the second into a nurse in a white dress. The light dazzled him and he closed his eyes again. He was wondering vaguely what it was all about when he heard faintly, as though from a great distance, a polite voice saying, "This is Ward Number 14, isn't it? I am a special Associated Press correspondent, and I would like to have a brief interview with the sailor who was left on the hulk that the battleships blew up yesterday...."

Then the sharp voice of a woman, "You're the nineteenth newspaper reporter I've sent away this morning; I tell you this man

cannot possibly see anyone yet. His condition is still quite serious."

For a moment Stover was mildly curious to know where he was, how he got there, and what it all meant, but he was too tired and dizzy to puzzle it out then, and soon he lapsed once more into a state of oblivion.

Later on, however, he recovered sufficiently from his lethargy to read the headlines of a newspaper that was lying beside the next bed:

SAILOR LEFT ON TARGET HULK  
PICKED UP UNCONSCIOUS

NAVY CHARGED WITH NEGLIGENCE  
OF SAFETY PRECAUTIONS

DONALD R. GRIFFIN

---

## THE PASSION PLAY

### AT OBER AMMERGAU

---

**N**ESTLING in a secluded valley of the Bavarian Alps, with snow-capped peaks casting long, dusky shadows on the cluster of white, stucco houses beneath, lies the little village of Ober Ammergau. On the lofty Kofel crag, which guards the entrance to the valley, stands a gleaming white cross—the symbol of Christianity, of the Passion Play, and of the people of Ober Ammergau, the simplest and purest people in the world.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE VOW

In 1633, the Great Black Plague swept with devastating fury over a terrified Europe; village after village was totally wiped out. But the little town of Ober Ammergau, enforcing a strict quarantine against all contact with the outside world, remained for a time untouched. Finally the human heart broke through the stern regulations, and Caspar Schuchler, dying of the fever, returned home to bid his family farewell. A terrible retribution followed. The plague, which he had brought with him spread from house to house

with fatal haste. In despair the people prayed to their God for deliverance, and promised, as a sign of gratitude if they were spared, to deliver a Passion Play every ten years for eternity. From that hour, it is said, those who had been sick recovered, and the spread of the plague ceased. The people of Ober Ammergau have kept that vow with unparalleled piety and faith.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE PEOPLE

Thoreau once said that if a man build a better mousetrap than his neighbor, the world will beat a path to his door. Ober Ammergau has, in its Passion Play, the greatest dramatic performance in the world. The path has been beaten to that little valley in Bavaria by adoring thousands. It is almost unbelievable that under these conditions, with the prosperity which is inevitably brought to them through this play, the people of Ober Ammergau have remained a simple, religious, homely folk, completely untouched and unchanged for three hundred years. Although the income of this little village amounts to well over one million dollars every ten years, the actors refuse to take more than a bare living wage, the Christus, for example, receiving nine hundred dollars for his year of rehearsal and appearance in sixty-five superb performances. The remainder goes toward the preparation of the next play, the remodeling of the theatre, and the church. The Ober Ammergau Passion Play is presented solely for these three reasons: (1) to glorify God and Christ and to give thanks for the deliverance from peril, (2) to renew the faith and piety of the inhabitants of the village itself, and (3) to influence toward a finer life those who may be fortunate enough to witness the play.

From the time that they can first walk and talk, the children are trained for a performance in the play. The greatest honor a man can receive is to be chosen as the Christus at the elections which are held every ten years. From the moment that someone is chosen for a part, that person takes on the characteristics, the personality, the very physical form of that character. If once during the months of the performance he steps out of his part, if Jesus should be any-

thing but a loving, tender soul, if Judas should allow his better nature to break through the crust of bitterness, disappointment, and treachery, the play will continue on the next day with a new actor in the cast. Hypocrisy is barred from the Passion Play. The actors are tremendously in earnest, thoroughly sincere—and that is all you can ask.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE THEATRE

The present theatre was constructed in 1910, at a cost of over one million marks. The audience is seated in a huge dome, with walls of yellow canvas on which are painted scenes from the play and pictures of prophets and saints, and from every one of the 5,500 seats there is a clear view of the stage. The dressing rooms are behind the stage and accommodate 700 actors. The stage is a very unusual one, open to the sky, and receiving its only illumination from the light of the sun. The performance goes on, rain or shine, and when it rains, the spectators in the first few rows are drenched.

The play begins at eight in the morning and continues until twelve. Then, after an intermission of two hours for lunch, the performance goes on until six. Each act is prefixed by tableaux which explain the Old Testament basis for the scene which is to follow. The chorus are on the stage almost half of the time devoted to the piece. They are dressed in brilliant robes which are very effective. Twice, however, immediately preceding and immediately following the Crucifixion, they don black gowns. The bright robes are resumed at the end of the play as the chorus closes the performance with a glorious burst of hallelujahs.

\* \* \* \* \*

### THE PLAY

“Welcome to all united by the Saviour’s love,  
Who here assemble and in sorrow follow Him  
On that long, mournful journey  
Which at last leads to the tomb.

And all who thus today have come from far and near  
Must feel themselves united in fraternal love  
As disciples of the Lord  
Who for us all has suffered death.

He who in so great compassion gave His life for us  
And died a bitter death: to Him with praise we turn  
With gratitude and love  
Our hearts and eyes unto.

To Him we lift our thoughts, to Him our souls we give;  
Pray with us now, pray, for again the hour has come,  
Wherein we pay the sacred debt  
We vowed long since to yield our God."

The Passion Play deals, of course, with the amazing events of the last week in the life of Jesus. It opens with the triumphal entry into Jerusalem. Next follow the plotting of the priests, the bribing of Judas, the Last Supper, the garden of Gethsemane and the betrayal, the remorse of Judas, the trial, and lastly the Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension. Each scene is prefixed with a chorus and a prologue, the music creating an atmosphere for the act which is to follow.

Of the characters, Judas undoubtedly gives the finest performance. All through the play he is perfectly the disappointed follower, disappointed by his hero in his hope for a worldly kingdom, with himself, perhaps, as second only to the king, Jesus Christ. He so vividly portrays remorse for his wicked betrayal that tears come to the eyes of his audience. As a crowning touch, he is dressed in a bright yellow robe, symbolic of all that is treacherous and faithless.

The Crucifixion scene is the most powerful in the entire play. In the garden of Gethsemane, the sad face and pleading cry of Christ will make you weep. The Last Supper will touch your heart with its tenderness and love. The trial and scourging will make you gasp with horror. But all these are merely preliminary to the great climax—the Crucifixion. This is, I think, the most powerful, most tremendous scene which has ever been presented on any stage in



any part of the world. Just before this act, many of the audience leave the theatre, unable to bear the scene to follow. You see the weary Christ stumbling on the way to Golgotha. You see the cross laid on the ground, hear the heavy hammers fall, relentlessly driving the cruel nails beneath their blows. The cross is raised to the sky. A pitiful, pale figure hangs there. He breathes a few weak words to the two thieves, to John the Beloved, to his mother. Only once he cries out, "My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?" He asks forgiveness for those who have put him to death. His head droops, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." And he is dead.

But the Passion Play does not terminate with the death of Jesus. It goes on to the glorious Resurrection and Ascension, leaving with the audience not the hopelessness of despair, but a wonderful faith—a confidence in a loving Father, a tender Son, and a promise of Life Everlasting.

"HALLELUJAH

PRAISE, HONOUR, ADORATION, POWER AND MAJESTY BE UNTO THEE  
FROM EVERLASTING TO EVERLASTING!"

JOHN D. HUMASON

---

## SNOW

---

*Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,  
At first thin-veering; till at last the flakes  
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day.—Thomson.*

Oh fall into my heart and make it cold.  
Oh fall into my soul and melt there  
    in the heat of my desires  
    and wash them clean.  
Oh fall into my outstretched arms  
    and let me hold within them  
    your white immensity.  
Oh fall upon me day and night, year after year,  
    till I can feel in my heart  
    something of your calm and peace.

LOUIS HECTOR





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Through the aid and courtesy of the Addison Art Gallery and the Sketch Club, *The Mirror* has been enabled to publish a spring issue, which will contain much student art work and will emphasize art. We wish to announce this, so that students may develop their art contributions and, if they wish, get in touch with Mr. Sawyer, the Curator of the Art Gallery, for further information and advice.

---

## FLUNK YOUR EXAMS

**S**O you flunked your Latin exam? Congratulations! What this world needs are more sympathetic, humane flunks. Failing examinations is the only sensible thing to do.

Before you cram to pass an examination, to take one more step toward graduating, you must think of the horrible consequences of

your act. Before you join the one hundred and fifty who hurry out of Andover in order to go to work or to rush through college, think of the millions who will suffer by your graduation. Every year American colleges and preparatory schools throw thousands of supermen out into the world to take the place of poor fellows who have never been to college. These graduates might easily have flunked and thus remained employed for another year, gathering knowledge in the pleasant seclusion of scholarly universities. But they had to answer the call to bring heaven to earth and thus drive from jobs men unblessed by the divine college education.

Just imagine the devastation that you would create! Old brokers who have worked for years faithfully serving their clients on the exchange would be forced to give way before the onward rush of college trained men. The poor old fellows couldn't afford to go to college. Painters who had built up reputations before the graduation of your class would be forced out of business because the standards of painting were raised so high by the new super-artists. John Curry would be forced to give up his position as head of Tammany Hall. Why, the political parties couldn't nominate for the presidency men like Al Smith who had grown up on the East Side, far from the all-important guiding lights of education. Men of all occupations would be thrown out of work, and the world would be in confusion.

Therefore, flunk your exams. It's easy enough to stay at school for five years, and what's more, it's been done before by kind-hearted individuals. Each year, in order that your parents may not suffer, spend only three-quarters of what you would ordinarily spend. Remain in the comfortable seclusion of Andover and be humane enough to let Mr. Ford keep his job for one more year.

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OLIVER W. HELL HOLM SLY



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Sometime before we've met;  
Some other place we must have seen  
The moon...but I forget....  
It's like a half-remembered dream  
That comes and with a glance is gone  
Just as you wake...a murmured bit of song  
Heard in an echoing street before the dawn.

W. D. HOGUE

---

When o'er the wall of my last day  
I have climbed,  
When my dim lamp has burned itself away,  
What will I find?  
Deep velvet, black, unlit by stars..  
Unknowing silence of a night's still sleep?  
Or like a stone, whose violence mars  
For but a thought the tarn's unfathomed deep,  
Will I go down to death?

O God, I cannot wish for light  
Beyond my grave....  
My only prayer here by her side tonight  
Is that You'll save  
For us on earth a glimpse of sky,  
One note of song, one instant's deep repose.  
And in the end, dear Lord, may she and I  
Drop down together. May the waters close  
O'er us together as we die.

W. D. HOGUE

## SALUTE TO RUSSIA

---

In Leningrad, Nizhni-Novgorod, Stalingrad, Rostov, Dnieprostoi,  
I saw the trip-hammer fall, the giant wheel turn, the smooth, oiled  
piston move rhythmically back and forth, the furnace smoke  
and belch forth orange jets of flame;  
I saw at Kiev the combine reap and thresh huge bundles of crisp,  
yellow grain;  
I saw the face of the Russian worker, man and woman alike, when  
not intent on labor, look up to the sky in hope and longing;  
In the soft Crimea I saw six hundred future soldiers sing and work  
for the new Russia, for the soul of each and every one of them;  
In the eyes of all of them there was a fierce glow, their step fell  
heavy upon the ground, their voices reverberated upon the  
rocks and sounded like the voice of the new Russia.  
I hear thy strong heart beating in the factories and in the fields.  
I salute thee, Russia.

J. H. WILLIAMS

---

## LITANY FOR SPRING

---

From those who spout in praise of Spring  
Of buds that burst and birds that sing  
Libera nos Domine  
Of balmy smells that cloy the air  
Of thoughts of love and maidens fair  
Libera nos Domine  
Of Spring's green turf that hides the ground  
The Maker's presence all around  
Libera nos Domine  
From all of these and many more  
Shield us, dear Lord, we thee implore.  
Amen

THOMAS L. GREENOUGH

## THE GORGE

---

At morning-time I woke —  
And sleepless as I lay,  
The wind, high-sailing clouds, and birds,  
And sunny morn of spring, without my window.  
Whispered and sang to me softly.  
I dreamt of home.

The gorge once more I saw — rock, cliff, and pine  
Prisoned the rushing water far below.  
Up came the sun as with a joyous shout,  
And hailed his forest army, the great trees  
And small that, trooping down this gully  
Or outspread along that smooth steep open slope,  
Seemed waiting swift command to swarm in truth  
And swoop upon who came.

Upjutting crags, like giants at attention  
(As that on which I stood), first smiled  
In morning-joy, as their bright king  
Dubbed them anew the knights of his domain.  
And sandstone, granite, limestone flashed  
Red, grey, and white, their coats-of-arms displaying.

And far below, where yet 'twas but gray dawn,  
Between cold silent rocks and sleeping trees,  
The river rushed and roared and raged against  
The towering walls that held him  
Far from the smiling face of his stormily-loved king.



Tempestuous unruly youth was his,  
And on the rocks that tortured his rough bed  
And broke his hurried smoothness, broke he yet  
Again, and unceasingly waged furious war,  
Filling the air with tumult. His bannerets of foam  
Dashed he straight in the faces of his foes.  
Or now between steep, narrow banks of rock  
He boiled, full, swift, and cruel, too rapt for noise.  
Then plunged with shoutings to a deep silent pool,  
And rested there awhile with gentle fronds of green,  
Receiving graciously her tribute from  
A rivulet, that like shy maiden wondering,  
Stole through her bower, her young champion  
To gaze upon, and worship, and grant him  
Favor of hers to wear in strife to come.

Then plunged he onward, shouting, to seek his freedom  
And work out his destiny beneath a brassy sky,  
Swirling unhurriedly long lazy miles  
Across a sweating plain — to slip, decrepit,  
To the blue bosom of the inland sea.

WILLIAM L. NUTE, JR.

---

## THE GOD OF THE WIND

---

The God of the Wind is riding tonight,  
Lashing his storm-steed fast,  
Careering and swerving in dashing flight,  
Laughing loud on the midnight blast.

He drives the clouds from the dreary sky,  
Harries them out of sight,  
Shouts in glee as he whips them by—  
He is King of the Heavens tonight.

He gallops up to the eerie moon  
 On a moonbeam highway bright,  
 Curvets and wheels about her throne,  
 Then plunges mad from the height.

And he's singing a wild, old Viking song  
 Of storm and a Viking's might;  
 He sings, and he whistles his steed along—  
 I hear the rush of the hoof-beats light.

I sit alone in a raw, chill room  
 And think of a mortal's plight.  
 The windows shake to the Wind god's tune.  
 Would I were he tonight!

W. D. HOGUE

---

## AFTERMATH

---

Quaint epilogues of sodden time  
 Drip from the roofs at eve;  
 The green old moss which sags underfoot  
 Is redolent of spent capriciousness.  
 Eternal cycles of queer behavior and inevitable actions  
 Are reflected in the quiet earth  
 At the foot  
 Of slowly swaying and immense trees —  
 Virgin pine and hemlock and spruce.  
 Likelihoods of revolution sink into the sodden shingles,  
 Their blatant din covered by the slow precision of time.

Drip

Splash

Trickle

The keynote: subdued.

It is an old house in a deep forest after a summer storm.  
 The twilight of dark clouds  
 Creeps to fulfilment in the murky depths.

JOHN F. FULLER

MORE TRANSLATIONS

---

When people say  
"It's a small world after all,"  
I think how sad it is  
That they can't  
Go away from me.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child"  
Seems reasonable—  
To adults.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss"  
Is what moss-covered people  
Say to comfort each other.

Just give me wine and women—  
I've got  
Laryngitis.

I respect my elders.  
But who has fed the dogs  
I'm going to?

They say the road to Hell  
Is paved with good intentions  
So I . . . .  
Have bad intentions.

W. D. HOGUE

## SATAN

---

BY SADI

I saw a demon in a dream,  
But how unlike he seemed to be  
To the image that we deem,  
And all of fearful that we see.  
His shape was like a cypress bough,  
His eyes like those that Houris bear,  
His face as beautiful as though  
The rays of Paradise were there.  
Approaching him I spoke—"Art thou,"  
I said, "indeed the Evil One?  
No angel has so bright a brow;  
Such no one yet has looked upon.  
Why should mankind make thee a jest,  
When thou canst show a face like this?  
Fair as the moon in splendour dressed,  
An eye of joy, a smile of bliss!  
The painter draws thee vile to sight,  
Our baths thy frightful form display;  
They told me thou wert black as night;  
Behold! thou art as fair as day!"  
The lovely vision's ire awoke;  
His voice was loud, and proud his mien,—  
"Believe not, friend," 'twas thus he spoke,  
"That thou my likeness yet hast seen:  
The pencil that my portrait made  
Was guided by an envious foe;  
I, in Paradise, man betrayed,  
And he, from hatred, paints me so."

*Translated by* MESSOUD KIACHIF

## THE SKETCH CLUB

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THE Sketch Club was begun in 1929 by five students with the enthusiastic help and guidance of Mr. Trowbridge.

From the first it has offered opportunities to the absolute beginner and to the somewhat advanced student. Because of the interest created by this club among influential people connected with the school, it has advanced by this year in purely materialistic standing from a poorly lit room, with the most elementary models and mediums, to a fine room in the basement of the Addison Gallery. Very favorable evidence for a considerable variety of mediums was shown by the exhibit hung last spring.

It seems to me that the very great progress of this year is traceable to three sources. The first is the prestige gained by the good work done last year under Mr. Cadwallader, which aroused enough interest among those higher up to secure some funds to be used in the interests of the club.

It is largely due to the generous interest of Mr. Sawyer that we have been able to acquire a great deal of necessary equipment for the club. But in my opinion we owe still more to Mr. Sawyer for his work and leadership in the one-hour course called "Appreciation of Art". This course has given the boy who doesn't wish to draw, but who takes an interest in art, a chance to look at art from a theoretical point of view. It has brought to the boy who is actually drawing or painting, a worthwhile examination of composition, color, and technique. It has perhaps revealed the art of some ages hitherto unknown to him, which may vitally interest him. But to me it has been most important for its work in bringing together boys interested in similar things, and in developing a free exchange of ideas.

It is evident that to have a resident instructor is a great advan-

tage, but Mr. Greason, our resident instructor, has proved to be even more of a good find than we had hoped for. He has done much to bring about the influx of necessary materials. Best of all he has made enthusiastic workers of those members who got to know him a bit. Perhaps it is due to his popularity that Mr. Greason has finally succeeded in getting boys to work at the club at any odd hour during the week. With a suggestion of a change of color here or an improvement in composition there he has done more than could be accomplished by a series of systematized lectures. It is pleasing to us that he makes a point of not painting or drawing on the sheet of the student. He will make a sketch to illustrate his point and leave the student to apply the idea on his own initiative. Mr. Greason does not insist on setting models. He will do it if asked, but is as glad to see one work on an idea of his own.

Mr. Greason is primarily interested in drawing, as well as in those more difficult branches of black and white: etching, linoleum cuts, and wood cuts. Therefore, it is only natural that the club members have advanced most in this field. The fact that we have got this year student models for figure drawing has also greatly helped in this line. Oil painting has come into its own, vieing for first place with drawing. Never before has the Sketch Club seen such a profusion of oil paintings of plaster casts done in two or three colors. But what is still better is that there have been several rather presentable landscapes and purely imaginative paintings executed by almost as many different students. The work is still raw; many of the materials are new to us. The attendance has not swelled greatly since last year, but there is much more work being produced, accompanied by an equal rise in enthusiasm. The club is attracting the notice of the school in general and will close at the end of this year with enough of a reputation to carry it forward next year.

WARREN BEACH

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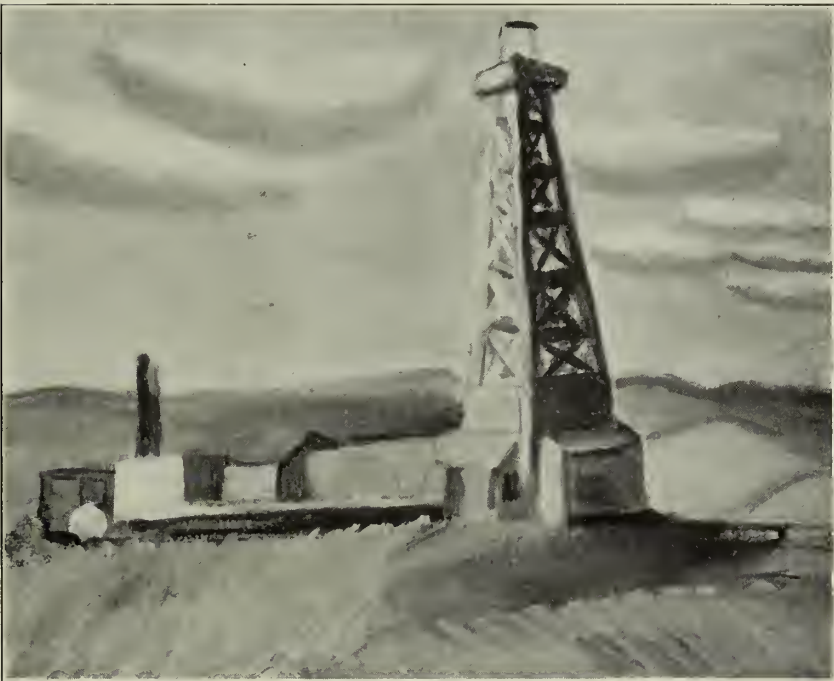
*The following pictures represent the best of the student art work, chosen from the current exhibition of the Sketch Club at the Art Gallery.*





LANDSCAPE, by *Robert Stevens*

*Oil*



OIL WELL, by *Warren Beach*

*Oil*



CAST. by *Daniel Tower*  
*Oil*



LANDSCAPE, by *William Miller*  
*Oil*



RABBITS POND, by *William Miller*

*Pen and Ink*



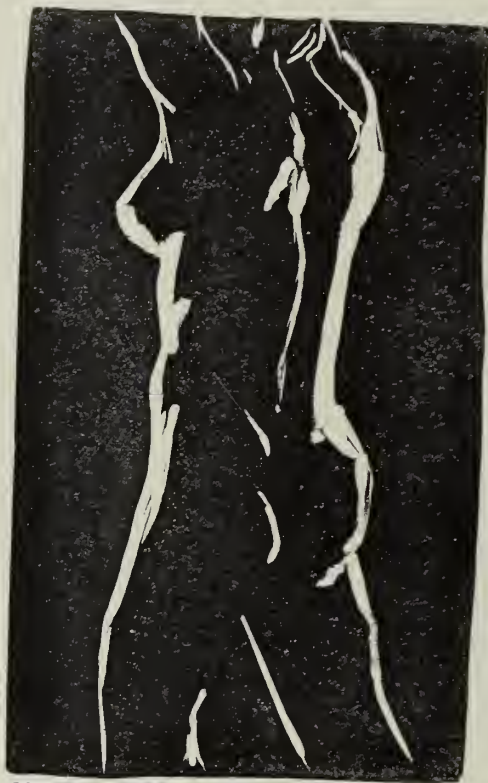
CEMENT KILN. by *Warren Beach*

*Oil*

COMIC MASK  
*by William Miller*  
*Linoleum*



TRAGIC MASK  
*by William Miller*  
*Linoleum*



NUDE, by *William Miller*    *Linoleum*





LINOLEUM CUT, *by John L. Bishop*

## BELLS

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M ANNO Farbo arose early this morning. He donned with a grimace his heavy black clerical robes, brushed his scant hair with his hands, and passed by the basin of cold water, pretending not to notice it. Perhaps he would wash after he had rung the bells. They were excellent bells, even if they did demand that Father Farbo get up early to ring them. One had belonged to the castle tower about 1650. Another, the one with the bronze tongue, had been given by Duke Ferdinand III of Venice. It had been just after his visit to Asolo. He had come to read Browning's "Pippa Passes" at the site of its creation, and had been well pleased by his reception. What better gift could he have made than that of a bell to call the peasants to mass? But Farbo preferred above all his most recent acquisition, a small high-pitched bell. He had got this one from the convent at Castel Franco in exchange for a bronze one, the floral design upon which had struck the eye of the good Friar Potelli.

Farbo liked his bells; he enjoyed being near them. Therefore, it was with some satisfaction that he climbed the worn circular stone steps which led to the bell ringer's platform. He stopped half way up to squint through a slit of a window. He could just see the far end of the Americani's garden. It was there that they played that funny game with little rackets and feathered missile. What did they call it? "Badminton?" Yes, Signor Trumbel had called it that. Farbo emitted a grunt, and breathing heavily, slowly plodded up and up.

Farbo had never been told how ludicrous he looked when his partly shaven head with heavy features, and tiny, dancing black eyes, capped by monstrous eye-brows, popped through the trap door giv-

ing access to the bell-ringer's platform. He then hoisted the rest of his massive bulk through the hole, catching his robe on a sharp board, just as he had done for the past five years. He had long ago decided to fix that plank, but it meant an extra bit of work on a distasteful job.

This morning it was only four o'clock. A thin string of carts and walking figures could be seen coming along the roads of the plain, but as yet the Asolo market place was deserted. Farbo rang his big bell. That would wake the peasants half-way to Castel Franco. Farbo rang his big bell and then set in motion his next largest. He liked that one; it was just high enough in tone to disturb the sensitive slumbers of Signor Trumbel.

At the sound of the bells the sleepy figures seemed to hurry a bit more. Now new ones were joining the procession. Some, riding bicycles, came on faster. They would be early for mass.

Farbo now turned to his small bell. He tugged on the rope with great glee, and the bell sent forth sharp peals in a swift succession of broken beats which all seemed to converge on Signor Trumbel's shutters. Farbo laughed. He felt certain that Signor Trumbel would soon get up, stuff cotton in his ears, and climb back into bed. The cotton would stop the sound of the big bell but not that of his little shriller. Signor Trumbel would sputter, but not swear.

Farbo was tiring. The more he tired the more monotonous became the beat of the bells. As if enchanted by these steady bongings, the peasants came on, bent under heavy loads, trudging with expressionless faces, watching the ground. Farbo's little eyes shone as he wiped with his sleeve the perspiration from his streaming face. Yes, they were very somber this morning; the corn was withering in the fields—too little rain. They would flock to his church. He would offer a prayer for rain. They would put coppers into the box. Yes, there would be many coppers, and coppers made bright shining lire. He now limited his energy to the big bell. It was more impressive, sadder. It seemed to call in a deep throaty voice, "Come and confess your sins." It was as exacting and mysterious as the Latin formulae that he would mumble. The peasants stood in awe of those incomprehensible chants. Even Farbo was at times in doubt as to their meaning. But they were in the

Good Book. They were part of the mass ritual approved by his holiness, Pope Pius X.

Farbo now left his platform to descend, adorn himself in his sacerdotal robes, and see that his acolytes had prepared everything for mass.

Peasants were pouring through the massive, vine-covered *Porte del Monte*. As in the case of all these old hill towns, Asolo was surrounded by a wall. This had formerly served as a protection, but now stood as a noble reminder of past days. There was only the one official gate, but many paths ran from the town passing out by breaches in the wall. One could follow them all day, hedged in by blackberry bushes. Sometimes one would come upon a low squatty farmhouse, shining white in the intense sunlight, and perhaps adorned with the month's washing: black shirts, black shirts, and perhaps a rare blue one.

The awakening crowd of people, horses, donkeys, and dogs was assembling in the stone-flagged market place. It was about this square that one would find most of the buildings of note. There was the inn, the *Sole*, with its balcony and high, curtained windows. There was the bank building with its colonnade-covered sidewalk. The church rose from the south side, its carved portals facing the square. There were the long-disused walls of the castle. It was here that the queen had held a mock court after her exile from Venice. Flags had flown from the now grim rectangular tower; carriages had driven through the great iron-studded gates, now defiled only by the curious foot of an occasional tourist. There was the usual fountain with water falling from a lion's mouth into a wide basin. A few plane trees shaded a corner of the square.

It was a gay scene. The women had donned their brightest colored dresses for the occasion. The men were swaggering about in their newest broad-brimmed, black hats. Wares of all kinds were being laid out on the ground in neat piles, or set out on portable bazaar counters. There were bright pots and pans of beaten copper, beautiful crockery pitchers, perhaps embellished by a simple design upon their throats, wooden "sabots" with red leather straps, and rows of black socks, selling for a pittance a dozen. There were baskets of vegetables, and huge, rotund, green mountains of water-melon. Still more of these were floating in the fountain's basin to be kept cool.

In the church there was a slight rustling of kneeling figures, the occasional tinkle of a coin dropped into the offering box, the mumble of Farbo as he performed, accompanying his words with elaborate, slow gestures. But above all there was a feeling of heavy quiet, an awe-inspiring silence in which the slight odor of incense seemed to act upon the praying figures as some opiate drug. Outside there was laughter, but only an occasional strain floated in as some new-comer pushed open the massive, oaken doors. It seemed profane for laughter to enter this somber hall, lit only by stained-glass windows. It did not break the silence, but only seemed to heighten its effect. The figures in this room had reverted to the dumb superstitious state of fear of their far away ancestors, whose medicine men controlled them with charms to hang about the neck and mumbled words to ward off lightning or flood.

Farbo finished his incantations. Figures silently glided like shadows from the church. A few strains of laughter floated into the quiet gloom. This vast hall with its stone pillars, high, stone vaulting, and stone flags depressed even Farbo's spirits. He stood for some minutes listening to the voices of the dead whispering in the niches, seeming to come from the wooden mouth of the Virgin Mary standing to the right of the altar, and of St. Francis shadowed in his niche half hidden from Farbo's sight by a pillar. Farbo feared these voices. He was accustomed to the incense, and the Latin incantations. They were surely holy, but the voices of the dead were not. It seemed to him that the devil had invaded his sanctum. He fled. He would take refuge again in his watch tower with his bells. It was nearly seven and he could ring them now for hours without interruption. Yes, he could ring them and annoy Signor Trumbel at his breakfast.

Farbo passed through his kitchen, found a big chunk of rye bread, stuffed into it a thick slice of bologna, picked up a quart of Italian red, and headed for his turret stairs. He did not hurry. It was not that his load slowed him down, but he did not like to hurry. In fact he would not have enjoyed his climb if it had not been for the anticipation of the sights he would command. At his feet would be the market; just down the hill a little way, Signor Solvano might be playing tennis with his dark haired daughter; but best of all he could watch Signor Trumbel breakfasting in state. It was a fine day. Surely Signor Trumbel would eat outside on



his round stone table shaded by a blossoming magnolia tree. He would be wearing his Pippa silk dressing gown, light, very light brown with an exquisite green peacock embroidered on either sleeve. Farbo had once by chance seen that peacock close at hand. It had fascinated him. In fact he wanted terribly to wear that coat, but he couldn't, and hated Signor Trumbel because of it. Yet, surely priests of former times weren't jealous to that extent of the gorgeous robes worn by their patrons, the dukes. No, but this was a special case. Dukes no longer lounged in gorgeous silks and velvets, while Signor Trumbel, disregarding the modes of the world, wore what most pleased his aesthetic tastes. It was really of these tastes that Farbo was jealous. Signor Trumbel not only wore extremely beautiful pongees, but he served the best meals in Asolo and these to Americani who were in no sense of the word epicures; he played the piano, played it disturbingly well and even composed music which was in keeping with his other tastes. Farbo could even have stood this much if Signor Trumbel had been a person a bit queer. But no, he had a very charming Philadelphian wife; he had two sons, boisterous as are all healthy boys of their age; he was quite human. Farbo hated him for being normal. Yes, he would ring his bells. They were his one joy, his provender, his one weapon.

Farbo gained his tower refuge just in time to see Signor Solvano begin his tennis game. He also lived in state, but he was a man more to Farbo's liking. To be sure, Farbo envied his ease and luxury, but at least Signor Solvano recognized the Catholic Church by his rather substantial offerings. He never attended mass, for he must have his daily tennis early, before it was too hot, but he had the blessed nature. He gave to the church to help the poor, and Farbo considered himself quite poor. In fact he often acted upon this idea by taking himself a major part of the offering. After all he must have his Italian red, and in the evening—to be sure, quite alone—he sometimes indulged in a glass of rarer vintage. Indeed if it weren't for his laundress, a very gossipy woman, he would have slept in soft sheets changed at least once a week. What a luxury, sheets changed every week! But no, if it ever got abroad that he used soft sheets, and especially clean ones, there would be quite a scandal; and Farbo lived in such mortal dread of scandals.



They were so disturbing; one might even lose his position; and after all his was not the poorest church in the countryside.

Ah, Signor Solvano's dark haired Lucretia was serving. Farbo liked to see her play; she had fire and grace. He had never met Lucretia; in fact he had never been closer than the other side of the street, but he felt sure that she had black eyes, and very red lips. Farbo sighed; red lips—Diabolo! he would ring his bells and vent his anger on Signor Trumbel.

But as he turned to see whether Signor Trumbel was at breakfast his eye was caught by something unusual. There was a lady breakfasting alone at the *Sole*. She was only half exposed to Farbo's view, for one of the curtains was drawn, but this merely aroused his curiosity all the more. Ah, Madam Trintelli was drawing aside the curtains. Perhaps the lady wished to see the market scene. These Americani did like to watch such funny things. She must be an Americani if she stayed at the *Sole*, alone. An Italian would come to stay only with a friend. But why was she not visiting at Signor Trumbel's place? Hadn't he seen her there before? Surely she was the tall Americani who sang and wore strange hats—feathers and color. Farbo was puzzled, but he could not fathom the mystery, and as he still felt his anger, he turned to ring his bells.

This morning Farbo was in luck. Not only Signor Trumbel, but also the Signora was at breakfast. The plump and ever smiling Saldriano, the butler, was bringing on toast and coffee. Giovanni and Pedro, the boys, were playing badminton. It must be pleasant to live such a life, Farbo thought. Signor Trumbel with his music, the Signora busy with her silk factory, and the children with their games and books. Why should they have such luck? Diabolo, but no! Farbo's little bell sent forth shrill shrieks of pain, then the heavier sounds of the big bell caught the shrill ones, and deposited them in Signor Trumbel's coffee cup. Signor Trumbel was annoyed; he sputtered but did not swear. He said the coffee was only lukewarm and had Saldriano get another cup. Farbo laughed.

He knew that the Signor was angry when he sent for more coffee with that irritated wave of his hand. But he did not feel his revenge complete. There was one thorn in his side which he could not attack. It was jealousy of Signor Trumbel's house and grounds. In Asolo, it was an old story that the house had been started by Robert Browning, the great English poet. And now Signor Trumbel owned it just as it had been except for the addition of servants' quarters and a garage. He had even acquired the garden of the queen's castle, with its gravel paths, its goldfish pools and circular portico giving entrance to small wine vaults, its cupid-like statues of white marble, its iris-bordered lawn running from the pool to the house, and its old, crumbling, encircling wall, upon which bask all day grey salamanders. The house seemed to be two great halls with a tower rising between, but only half-encased in them. It was a white-plastered house with a gently sloping red tile roof and large eaves. It had a segment of tall Roman-arched windows parading down the garden side. These were broken only by a double door of heavy carved oak leading onto the stone veranda, with a low wall and rows of iris surrounding it. On the hill side the house rose in a high unbroken sweep which seemed to carry one's eye to the tower's top. Roman windows also ran down this façade, but were perched high above the ground. The place took on a rather droll air as one saw the servants' quarters, the garage and Mr. Trumbel's studio running down hill in a helter-skelter of white plaster walls, green shuttered windows and red tile roofs supporting their chimneys. But that which Farbo envied most of all was the tower. It was taller than Farbo's and rose on the hillside, a slender shaft of yellow-grey from an exotic entanglement of huge yellow roses. Only at the top were there windows. These were grouped in pairs, a pair in each face. There were squat Roman arches resting upon Doric capitals and plain unfluted pillars. Above them the red tile roof seemed to pierce the intense blue of the Italian sky.

Oh, it was such a dream tower, so exquisite in proportions, so delicate in color. What could it hold but the most beautiful princess

with long, black hair and red lips, dark, coral-red lips. Farbo looked at the tower; his mouth fell open; beads of sweat stood out on his brow; his eyes riveted themselves to it. Yes, a princess was leaning from its high window, her long black hair falling almost to the yellow roses. A figure was climbing the rose vine. As he climbed, it seemed to Farbo that the princess was Lucretia, Signor Solvano's beautiful daughter. But who was the climber? Farbo stared harder. Closer and closer the climber came to the long cascaded hair; he reached out his hand, but could not quite grasp it; he reached out again, farther. The vines broke; the figure fell over backwards. It was Farbo. Farbo stood in the bell tower and saw himself fall farther and farther from Lucretia. Farbo stood in the bell tower and groaned; he rubbed his eyes; he turned about to see Lucretia hit the tennis ball. He wheeled slowly back. The lady at the *Sole* was just finishing her breakfast; wares were being cried in the market below; Signor Trumbel was sipping his coffee. He would ring his bells. Yes, Farbo would ring his bells, not because they would annoy Signor Trumbel, not to ask for rain, not to call the peasants to mass, but to drive the devil from his heart. Surely with bells ringing the devil could not inhabit the place of God.

WARREN BEACH

## FRAGMENTS FROM A PHILO MIRROR

### SPRING TERM, 1878

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A short time ago the *Mirror's* own Snooping Scribbler acquainted us with an historical relic which we feel ought not to go unnoticed. While rummaging, so he tells us, with his customary insatiable curiosity in some remote recess of the campus, he came upon it: *The Philo Mirror*, Spring Term, 1878. It appeared that the inestimable Scribbler was having considerable difficulty in comprehending a nondescript mass of machinery portrayed on the ancient publication's front cover. His first supposition was that the mechanical enigma represented an early, and rather crude, attempt at the present armillary sphere, but the absence of any human figures puzzled him. It was nearly a week before he could locate any native of the hill sufficiently aged to be capable of informing him that what baffled him was merely the Phillips Academy Fire Engine No. 1, sometimes referred to as the "Fire King".

The *Mirror* of 1878 was a kindly spirit, a trusted comrade, and a gentle solace to every earnest Theologue. It rejoiced and enthused after his victories; it became sympathetic and understanding after his defeats. It spurred him on to scholarly achievement, endlessly stressing the importance of his daily assignments; and it chuckled to itself at his boyish pleasures (average student, age 21), winking a sly eye at his frequent expeditions down School Street.

The four editors' concern for its readers' marks seems to have been extraordinarily deep during those soft, spring days of 1878; for they thought best to devote the first thirteen pages of the forthcoming spring issue to four indisputable articles on the benefits of good, steady work. In the first of these, composed by the "first editor", no attempt has been made to disguise or gloss over the seriousness of the subject-matter; its title scrapes harshly on the ear:





*Work*. The "second editor", however, makes so bold as to qualify his subject and to promise a pleasanter treatment: *Work as an Element of Success*. After a preliminary reading, we cannot help thinking that given the editorial powers of the "first editor", he too would have entitled his contribution, quite simply, *Work*. The "third editor", finding himself hard-pressed for an appropriate label for his latest masterpiece on the theme of conscientious study (he had already thought of *Work* and *Work as an Element of Success*; but then, he was only the "third editor"), ended by consenting to his superiors' suggestion: *The Importance of an Aim in Life*. And so concluded a powerful trilogy on the advisability of "exerting a force through a distance".

But what of the "fourth editor"? It would be difficult to imagine the delight of the first three academy-spirited editors when he, also, exposed to view a world-beating panegyric on work, drawing it carefully from his voluminous pocket (all the editor's coats were equipped with voluminous pockets). There could be no doubt: the school scholastic average would mount to heights inconceivable; 1878 would be an *annus mirabilis*, unique in itself; every senior would graduate. Who could be immune to such forceful writings, writings whose very nature compelled the reader to seek solace in his textbooks? As the happy four mused thus, a title befitting the qualities of the fourth article presented itself, coming as a relief to its author, who was inwardly annoyed that the "third editor" had already preëmpted the only heading which seemed suitable. It was finally decided that the last article be published under *Work as an Ideal*. The terminology therein is explainable only by the "fourth editor's" deep devotion to Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. We quote a section; possibly its mark-raising attributes may still be of timely aid, even after fifty-five years.

"Our pilgrim follows bravely up the toilsome, dangerous way, and, when faint and weary, a glance at his fair guide (work) revives his languishing purpose. Can it be that he despaireth? O pilgrim, do you curse the vision bright? Do you declare that it was but a mocking phantom, a creation of your own imagination? Nay, brother pilgrim, your time has not been wasted. Throw off your bitter feelings; rise and look about you; gaze upon those fertile valleys — how far below you! see the



labouring sons of toil down in the dim distance; expand your spirit with the pure air which bears life and might in its breath!"

So ends the strictly serious section of the periodical. Under the division entitled, BASEBALL, we come to the following bit of information:

"On the 22nd of May our nine went to Exeter; and now it devolves upon us to record the only defeat the nine sustained during the ball season. The game was lost owing to the gross ignorance of the umpire, and the unevenness of the ground, on which there were many trees; our team played without any dinner and the Exeters allowed them to return home without any supper.

The return game with Exeter was played June 1 on our grounds, the Exeter nine, with a crowd of eighty backers, confident of success. This game showed the real superiority of the Phillips Andover nine. The score was ten to eight in our favor. Mr. Ogden of the Theological Seminary umpired and gave general satisfaction. The visitors did not go home hungry."

Strangely enough, some slight degree of unbecoming prejudice is evidenced in the above account. The author makes no mention of three Exeter smashes to right center, prevented from going for home runs only because of the presence of trees on the playing field; neither does he record the "Exeters'" apparent courtesy in sparing their visitors the discomfort of a "beanery" supper at Exeter. But the superiority of the blue nine is firmly established in black and white. What more is required of the sporting section?

Without further comment we reprint the following verses, written by a certain "wag" under the pseudonym of *Observatory*. He was later termed a "risqué cynic".

## WHAT IS A FEM SEM?

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A rosy lip, a smile, a dimpled chin,  
A curly lock, a glance, a velvet skin;  
An eye that leads you captive with its look;  
A hand that fits the owner like a book.

A hat made from a ribbon and a rose,  
Bewildering the beholder with its bows;  
A dress got up regardless of expense,  
And sometimes also just as much of sense.

A heart that leads a tender youth astray,  
And when he pops the question answers, Nay.  
If you are wise, O youths, beware of them!  
For cruel is the handsome female Sem.

From the columns headed SCRAPS and PERSONALS were gleaned these facts:

"W. W. F., class of '76, is now in Ohio, lecturing on *Monks and Maniacs*." (We regard this as the original Alumni Note. The report, however, fails to make clear whether W. W. F. has recently seen the silent version of "Rasputin" or "King Kong".)

"How tempus does fugit, as the Theologue said to the Fem. Sem. one night at 11.30, as he rose to leave." (Now try to argue that Latin can have no practical value!)

"C. F. G., E. S., and F. N. C., all of the class of '79 have recently been appointed to the Phillips Fire Engine Company. They will act as tenders of the leading hose." (It is readily understandable how, with the rapid advancement of "dicking", this particular responsibility came to be withdrawn from student handling.)

A. M. WASHBURN

# THE DEATH OF BLOODY JOE

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FOR seven long years Tiger Nixon of the mounted police had searched the trackless Northland for Bloody Joe, the half-breed slaughterer of the North, the man who respected no man and feared no God. There was a burning light that had kept him on the trail of Joe. Once, six years before, Tiger had seen, for a fraction of a second, Joe's sister. All that he had seen was her beautiful black hair, but from those locks alone his mind had painted a picture of this dark beauty of the North.

Now at last, after six years search, he had found her. He held her in his arms. He drew her close to him. His lips met hers. Now he knew why he had been made: to guide this beautiful creature over the rocky paths of life! He kissed her again, and she liked it! He stepped back and held her at arm's length. As he gazed into her eyes, he realized that she was all he had hoped for. He drew her to him again. Tiger and the beautiful girl of the North were in fact so under the influence of that intoxicating thing called love that they did not hear the back door slowly opening.

Around the corner appeared the awful face of Bloody Joe. He still had the scar on his cheek where his mother had thrown scalding water on him because he had put a snake in her bed. Whenever he thought of this, he was glad that he had killed her with a red-hot poker. Over his left eye was a horrible scar made by the axe which his father had thrown at him for killing his mother. Later on, Bloody Joe in a fit of anger had drowned his father in the lake. As Bloody Joe now came sneaking through the door, he had, clutched in his hand, a long, curved, blood-stained knife, with which he had already killed more than one active limb of the law. He walked without the slightest sound because he wore *Keds*, which as-

sure good foot-work. Taking it all in all, the casual observer might have thought that Bloody Joe was contemplating something evil. At that moment the dark-haired belle of the North opened her eyes, after having just experienced the most passionate moment of her life. Through the mists of love which surrounded her she saw the shaggy form of Bloody Joe! She uttered a scream, the pre-arranged signal. Tiger paused long enough for one more kiss and then dived head first through the closed window.

Covered with blood and broken glass, he leaped from the ground just in time to dodge the knife that Bloody Joe had thrown at him. He ran to the lake and, jumping into his canoe, started paddling for the other shore. Right behind him was Bloody Joe in his canoe. When Tiger reached the opposite bank, he picked up his light craft and ran across the five mile portage, closely followed by Bloody Joe.

After seven days of this, Tiger began to weaken, and as he began to weaken, he began to think. Suddenly an idea flashed through his mind. For what had he been fleeing from Bloody Joe? At any time these last seven days he might have had his chance. At once he hid behind the nearest tree, his canoe in one hand and his gun in the other. When Joe came running down the path, he stepped out from behind the tree, and said in the do-or-die spirit of Patrick Henry, "You have breathed your last, Bloody Joe!"

Bloody Joe turned pale. The scar over his right eye looked like a white line, (a habit scars have). Then Tiger shot Bloody Joe full of lead. As Joe lay dying he admitted that he had been a sinner, but added, "Take care of my sister, Mary. She is the only one I ever loved, and the only one that ever loved me!" With these words he fell back, dead. Tiger buried him like a true Christian, and then went back to get Mary.

He was in a hurry on his way back and made the trip in five days. Mary was waiting for him on the beach when he arrived. He grasped her in his arms and went on exactly where he had left off when he had been so rudely interrupted.

JAMES H. H. SCUDDER

## MICE AND MEN

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OLD maps, with their distorted geography and quaint illustrations, are always interesting; and a well-executed one often contains such fascinating decorations as two whales swimming in the ocean and spouting water at each other, or ferocious-looking, if ill-proportioned, lions roaming over the forested sections of the map. But the notes and explanations on the map, although usually in Latin, are in many ways more intriguing, and their amusing absurdities often lead one to speculate about their possible origins.

I remember one such gem in particular. It was part of a note about the Arran Islands which I found on a map of Ireland printed in the sixteenth century. The note was in Latin and part of it read:

*"...In ea non sunt mures, et si aliunde illati fuerint, in mare confestim se precipitant—sin impediantur, emoriunter..."*

In English this means:

"There are no mice in this place, and if any are brought thither from elsewhere, they immediately throw themselves into the sea—if, however, they are prevented, they die."

What a fantastic fable! At first thought one is inclined to believe that this must be entirely the product of some fertile imagination. But with the aid of a slight knowledge of natural history it is possible to construct a probable explanation of the origin of this story.

In the first place, it must be remembered that the man who drew the map had probably never seen the Arran Islands and based his map and notes entirely on the reports of others, which doubtless lost nothing in the telling. Therefore, scientific accuracy cannot be expected in the notes any more than perfect accuracy is expected in the drawing of an old map. Indeed, an old map without



its distortions and fallacies would lose most of its interest.

Secondly, the Arran Islands are very barren, stony, and notoriously unfertile, so that food for mice of any kind would probably be scarce. To this may be added the fact that all rodents show to a greater or less degree cycles of abundance and scarcity, which, when they progress far enough, become what are known as mouse-plagues. This means simply that because of a series of favorable circumstances the mice of a certain district increase and multiply to a point where there are too many for the available food supply. This causes starvation, disease, and pestilence, with a corresponding falling off in the birth-rate, so that usually a period of excessive abundance is immediately followed by a few years when the animals are exceedingly scarce. At the time of the greatest over population, individuals tend to emigrate to neighboring regions that are less crowded. These movements sometimes reach immense proportions, such as the grey squirrel "migrations" which used to occur in this country, and they are often terribly destructive to crops.

Now, to return to the case in hand, it is not at all impossible that at some time such a mouse-plague might have occurred on one or more of the Arran Islands; and since the islands are fairly close together and not far from the mainland, some mice might even have been seen swimming away from one of the islands; for during the great squirrel migrations the animals frequently crossed rivers and lakes in large numbers, and in recent mouse-plagues mice have been observed to cross large bodies of water. Mice would be dying in great numbers, and in the few years following the animals would be very scarce.

There you would have all the ingredients necessary to concoct this apparently fabulous tale, for after a few generations of mouth-to-mouth folk-lore a mouse-plague could easily become the story contained in the note on the map.

Of course, only a close and careful scrutiny of the local records could prove whether there is any truth in this supposition, but whenever a prevalent legend of this kind has been scientifically studied, it has usually been proved to have some germ of truth as a foundation. The above theory seems as plausible as any.

DONALD R. GRIFFIN



## BACON IS SHAKESPEARE

---

WHO wrote the Shakespeare plays? I shall not try to answer this interesting question but shall place before you the Baconian arguments, since they are very startling and convincing.

Since concerning this question we know very few facts upon which we can rely, most of our conclusions come from "putting two and two together". We do know, however, that the plays known as Shakespeare's are acknowledged over the whole world to be the "greatest birth of time", the grandest production of the human mind. The more we study them, the more marvelous they seem to be. They display a prodigious amount of classical lore. Lawyers admit that the author of these plays must have been one of the greatest law students of all time. Experienced travellers feel that the author must have visited the foreign cities which he describes so vividly.

In the plays is exhibited a perfect knowledge of court etiquette, which none but a courtier, moving in the highest circles, could possibly have acquired. Francis Bacon fulfils all the requirements. Shakespeare fulfils none.

Mr. George Hookham sums up all that we know of Shakespeare as follows: "We only know that he was born at Stratford, of illiterate parents — (we do not know that he went to school there) — that when 18 1-2 years old he married Anne Hathaway (who was eight years his senior, and who bore him a child six months after marriage); that he had, in all, three children by her (whom with their mother he left and went to London, having apparently done his best to desert her before marriage); — that in London he became an actor with an interest in a theatre, and was reputed to be the writer of plays; — that he purchased property in Stratford, to which town he returned; — engaged in purchases and sales and law-suits of no

biographical interest except as indicating his money-making and litigious temperament); helped his father in an application for coat armour (to be obtained by false pretences); promoted the enclosure of common lands at Stratford (after being guaranteed against personal loss); made his will—and died at the age of 52, without a book in his possession, and leaving nothing to his wife but his second best bed, and this by an afterthought. No record of friendship with anyone more cultured than his fellow actors. No letter—only two contemporary reports of his conversation, one with regard to the commons enclosure as above, and the other in circumstances not to be recited unnecessarily. In a word we know his parentage, birth, marriage, fatherhood, occupation, his wealth, his chief ambition, his will, and his death, and absolutely nothing else; his death being received with unbroken and ominous silence by the literary world—.”

Can this be the man who wrote the grandest production of the human mind?

In my opinion the Stratford bust should be a source of joy for the Baconian student, as its history is quite convincing for me. We know from Dugdale's "Warwickshire", published in 1656, that the original bust erected to William Shakespeare in the Stratford Church bears no resemblance to the usually accepted likeness of Shakespeare. The figure hugs a sack of wool or a pocket of hops to its belly and does not hold a pen in its hand. Since everybody in Stratford must have known that Shakespeare could not write his name, there was no discussion over the bust, and it remained in its original condition for 120 years, until it was remodeled.

There has been much discussion over the so-called portrait in the 1623 folio, which was drawn by Martin Droeshout. Since Droeshout was fifteen years old when Shakespeare died, it is improper that this should be called the "authentic" portrait, although there is no question that it is a cunningly drawn cryptographic picture, showing two left arms and a mask. Could not the artist have had some motive for making his portrait if he knew Bacon was the real

author? It is interesting to study the verses that describe this portrait in the folio. If *hit* in the sixth line means *hid*, the meaning of the entire verse is clear, namely, that the author is writing secretly; otherwise the verse has no meaning.

It is easy for people to prove that Shakespeare could not write a word. There are five so-called signatures in existence which are the only pieces of writing in the world that can be supposed, even by the most ardent Stratfordians, to have been written by Shakespeare's pen. It is evident to some that even these were written by other people. Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence states that Francis Collyns, the solicitor, who wrote the body of Shakespeare's will, also signed for Shakespeare and the other witnesses, who were unable to write their names, since the will mentions that it was published, and that no mention is made of witnessing the signing, and since it is quite evident that the entire will was written by the same hand. Why should a man writing his will make each *W* as different from the others as possible, and why should he sign his Christian name "Willm"? Besides the three signatures in the will, there are two others written on legal documents, neither of which states that it was signed. Is it not possible that the clerks signed these deeds, since the signatures are unlike? In the case of the other two parties to the documents, the signatures are most beautifully written and are almost absolutely identical in the two deeds.

Recently Dr. Wallace discovered at the Record Office in London a document, *Answers to Interrogatories*, signed by Shakespeare. Dr. Wallace proves that a clerk signed the document and that Shakespeare, being unable to write, marked his sign, a dot, opposite his name. A similar document signed by Daniel Nicholas bears the same handwriting, and "Daughter Marye" occurs in both. A clerk must have written the two papers.

It is interesting to see how the stage of that time honored the player who had bought a coat of arms and was able to call himself a "gentleman". In one of his plays Ben Johnson describes a man

who bought a coat of arms in a very uncomplimentary manner. He has the character receive the motto, "not without mustard", and also use the expression, "I thank God". Shakespeare's motto was "Not without right", and Durning-Lawrence believes that he used the above expression very much since the Clown, William, in "As You Like It", who, he thinks, represents William Shakespeare, uses the expression. "The Clown of Ardennes is rich but only for a clown (Shakespeare of Stratford was not really rich; New Place cost only 60 pounds.)" The clown admits he is wise but not "learned". This, in the language of that day, meant that Shakespeare could not read one line of print. Maybe this explains why no books were found in his home.

In *The Return of Parnassus* mention is made of a mimic who purchased lands and obtained also a grant of arms. In *Ratsei's Ghost* a similar reference is to be found. The whole account of buying a place in the country, of feeding upon all men (that is, lending money upon usury), of never keeping promises, of never giving anything to charity, agrees too well with the few records we have of this man of Stratford.

There is only a single letter addressed to Shakespeare, and this asks for a loan of 30 pounds. There exists no contemporary letter referring to the Stratford actor as being a poet or as being in any way connected with literature. The only written records concerning him are of matters of legal interest.

Could Shakespeare, with the above evidence, have written the grandest production of the human mind? Let us, for a moment, consider Bacon.

Few people realize that Bacon was considered by his contemporaries to be a great poet. In a contemporary play Bacon was referred to as "Greatest of Poets", and Shakespeare as "the writer of weekly accounts". This exactly describes him as a writer, for the only literature for which he was responsible was the accounts sent out by his clerk or attorney. There are hundreds of references by leading men of that time, such as George Herbert, Thomas Campion,

and John Davies, referring to this unusual poetic ability of Bacon.

“But nothing can much exceed in value the testimony of Ben Jonson, who in his *Discoveries*, 1641, says, “But his learned, and able (though unfortunate) *Successor* (Bacon in margin) is he who hath fill’d up all numbers, and perform’d that in our tongue, which may be compar’d or preferr’d either to insolent *Greece*, or haughty *Rome*”.

Max Müller in his *Science of Language* says:

“A well educated person in England, who has been at public school and at the University . . . seldom uses more than about 3000 or 4000 words . . . The Hebrew Testament says all that it has to say with 5642 words. Milton’s poetry is built up with 8000, and Shakespeare, who probably displayed a greater variety of expression than any writer in any language . . . produced all his plays with about 15,000 words.”

Shakespeare, the householder of Stratford, could not have known as many as one thousand words.

But Bacon declared that we must make our English language capable of conveying the highest thoughts, and by the Shakespeare plays he has very largely created what we now call the English language. Much of the author’s life is revealed in his plays and sonnets. In *Hamlet* he mentions that the King’s Jester was a friend of Hamlet when he was a child. Since people believe that the author reveals himself in the character of Hamlet, how could Hamlet, if the author were Shakespeare, be carried on the shoulders of the King’s Jester when a child?

If we believe that Bacon reveals in his sonnets that he is writing under a mask, do they not become clear if interpreted as follows:

Or shall I (Bacon) live your Epitaph to make,  
Or you (Shakespeare) survive when I in Earth am rotten,  
From hence your memory death cannot take,  
Although in me each part will be forgotten,  
Your name (Shakespeare) from hence immortal life shall have,



Though I (Bacon) once gone to all the world must die,  
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,  
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie,  
 Your monument shall be my (not your) gentle verse,  
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'er read,  
 And tongues to be your being (which as an author was not)  
     shall rehearse,  
 When all the breathers of this world are dead,  
 You (Shakespeare) still shall live, such virtue hath my pen  
     (not your pen, for you never wrote a line),  
 Where breathe most breaths even in the mouths of men.

The question is frequently asked, why, if Bacon wrote under the name of Shakespeare, he so carefully concealed the fact? If one reads accounts of Ben Jonson and his experiences with the King, one can easily see the grim dangers that beset men in the Highway of Letters.

It was necessary for Bacon to write under pseudonyms to conceal his identity, but he intended that at some time posterity should do him justice, and it was for this purpose that, among the numerous clues he supplied to reveal himself, he wrote "The Tempest."

In "The Tempest" the island is the stage. Prospero, the prime Duke, the great Magician, represents the Mighty Author who mentions how he loved his brother Anthonio, his books, and how drunk the false king was. Bacon, when dismissed from his high offices, devoted himself to his books. Not a book of any kind was found at New Place, Stratford. Bacon's brother "whom next to himself he loved" was called Anthony. "Gentle" Shakespeare of Stratford died from the effects of a "drunken" bout!

Durning-Lawrence tries to prove mechanically that Bacon is Shakespeare by means of the word *honorificabilitudinitatibus* which is found in "Love's Labour Lost." Since this proof is at all convincing only after a very long and complicated explanation, I shall omit the many fine details. However, Durning-Lawrence says that when it was first necessary for Bacon to sign Shakespeare's name



to the play, he took pains to insert a revelation that would enable him to claim his own when the proper time should arrive. This revelation is supposed to occur in the above word and in its position.

Numbering the letters of the alphabet as follows:

A = 1

B = 2

C = 3

D = 4, etc,

the numbers in this word form significant combinations which are the key to several hidden revelations. Baconians use these figures to refer to page numbers, etc. in various documents which link up with the name of Bacon.

Evidences from title pages and engravings prove to the Baconians that through these ornaments Bacon revealed the fact that he was writing under a mask. It is very interesting to study these pages and notice the queer figures, the spears, the spurs, the actor's boots, and at the same time realize how subtly Bacon prepared his revelation.

Much trouble arose when a scene in Richard II displeased Queen Elizabeth.

"This history of the trouble arising out of the production of the play of *Richard II* explains why a name had to be found to be attached to the plays. Who would take the risk? An actor was never 'hanged', he was often whipped, occasionally one lost his ears, but an actor of repute would probably have refused even a large bribe. There was, however, a grasping, money-lending man, of little or of no repute, that bore a name called Shaxpur, which might be twisted into Bacon's pen-name Shakespeare, and that man was secured, but as long as he lived, he was constantly asking for more and more money. The grant of a coat of arms was probably a part of the original bargain."

There is a tradition that Shakespeare was picked to drink

against some rivals and with his defeated friends lay all night under a crab tree, which soon bore his name.

This habit of drinking seems to have remained with him, for Hallowell-Phillips says: "It is recorded that the party was a jovial one, and according to a somewhat late but apparently reliable tradition when the great dramatist was returning to New Place in the evening, he had taken more wine than was conducive to pedestrian accuracy. Shortly or immediately afterwards he was seized by a lamentable fever which terminated fatally on Friday, April 23rd."

Let us consider Shakespeare as an owner of a theatre and as an actor. If we assume that the total capital value of the holdings of William Shakespeare in theatres taken together amounted to 60 pounds in all, we shall probably, even then, considerably overestimate their real worth. Shakespeare's greatest role was the Ghost in *Hamlet*.

What can be the meaning of the statement that the highest point to which the actor, Shakespeare, attained was to play the part of the Ghost in *Hamlet*? The rumor is so positive and so persistent that it cannot be disregarded or supposed to be merely a foolish jest or a senselessly false statement put forward for the purpose of deceiving the public. We are compelled, therefore, to conclude that there must be behind this fable some real meaning and some definite purpose, and we ask ourselves, "What is the purpose of this puzzle?" As usual, the Bacon key at once solves the riddle. The moment that we realize Bacon is Hamlet, we perceive that the purpose of this rumor is to reveal to us the fact that the highest point to which the actor, Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, attained was to play the part of Ghost to Bacon, that is, to act as his pseudonym, or in other words, the object of the story is to reveal to us the fact that BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.

FRANK W. ROUNDS, JR.



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THE MIRROR wishes to thank Mr. Sawyer and the staff at the Addison Art Gallery for their help and advice in developing the art section.

# ART AND LITERATURE

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A great deal has been written about modern art and literature by competent experts, many of whom might find serious flaws in the generalities that are to follow on this subject. It must be recognized that this article is not written by an expert and that many of the statements here are merely personal observations.

Art and literature from the beginning of civilization have combined in their expressions of the spirit of the age and people. In ancient Egypt, the religious, conventional society was represented by an art famous for its submersion of the individual, its stable strength (as shown by the Sphinx) and its entirely religious nature. The stiff conventional and finely drawn figures were repeated in word form on their manuscripts. Their style of writing lacked ease, and their most famous book, *The Book of the Dead*, was a description of the conventional beliefs as regards the future life, the core of their religious feelings. By the time that Greece had developed, other civilizations had shown the way toward individuality, and the writings of Homer express the freedom and strength of the growing race. The early sculpture, on the other hand, was under strong Egyptian influence introduced by way of Crete; hence the forms are rather formal and stiff. Soon, however, the religion of the race found expression in the work of such men as Phidias, whose main attributes were an artistic grandeur and a reverence for the gods. The same feeling of reverence and stiff magnificence can be seen in the early tragedians of the time of Aeschylus, but Greece, now at the height of her civilization under the democratic and individualistic influence of Athens, broke away from the previous formal conceptions. The sculptors take into consideration the human element, attributing graceful human bodies to all the gods, and at the same time the pathos of human feeling enters into the drama of Sophocles. Later, after the fall of Athens, the confusion of the country, the contact with the East, and the philosophic questions of Socrates brought on a period of disbelief in and even mockery of the old gods. This feeling immediately showed itself in the work

of Euripides, but art did not leave its attitude of graceful, calm representation of gods in human form until the time of Alexander. Then it began to depict human suffering, as shown in the statue of Laocoön, and often even went into caricature. It is interesting to note the effect of the influence both in art and literature of the practical, dissolute Roman imperial society on the formerly simple Greek style.

In the middle ages the dogmatic rule of Rome made all paintings religious, and the Oriental interest of Constantinople in surface design and convential technique, which was powerful in Italy, restrained the artist. Thus for a long time writing and painting took on a set form. The earliest signs of the Renaissance are particularly interesting in both fields. In the middle of the fourteenth century Dante, writing on religious subjects, brought the classics before the eyes of the educated and fore-shadowed the influx of classical learning. About 1425 painters also began to break away from the rule of the Church and the Byzantine conventionalities. Perspective was developed, oil painting on canvas was invented, the ascetic ideal of the Middle Ages gave way to the individualistic idealism of the Renaissance. The literature of Italy developed anew under the influence of Petrarch and Boccaccio. In the meanwhile the prosperous, commercial Flemings and Dutch developed an art originating in manuscript illuminations. It was exact, interested in surfaces, textures and draughtsmanship, conveying by these mediums the emotion of the scene. The same spirit was shown in a lesser way by their literature.

In the eighteenth century, the decadency of the French and English nobility resulted in an over-emphasis on surfaces and textures, many times without much sense of the feeling in the scene. However, the English portrait school of Reynolds cannot be included in this generality. In the same way the satire of Pope, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Dr. Johnson and their classic, ponderous styles reflected the aristocratic society. When the Romanticist Movement came, Blake, making drab lives romantic in his poems and using an almost thirteenth century style in his paintings to make the subject more romantic, and Gray, whose simple *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* is a literary landmark, were foremost in its conception. In France men like Delacroix revolted from the platitudes of the court painters, and Balzac opened up the new thought of the nineteenth century. All this revolution in the outlook of the arts was



caused by the development of republicanism, directly opposed to the excessive royalism of the eighteenth century.

As the nineteenth century wore on in England, the great Victorian novelists and poets expressed the calmness, superficiality, and simplicity of the times, overshadowing art. In our own day, the two arts show very definitely the trends of the time: the wide use of brevity in the novel, the growth of the short story, the increase of satire in the literary field, and the greater use of originality and experimentation, the more subjective viewpoint, the wider range of color, the lack of draughtsmanship in art.

It is easy to see by these generalities that literature and art do not necessarily have the same periods or places of florescence. Some nations, such as England, have a great number of literary geniuses and very few artistic ones, and the reverse is somewhat true in Italy. The two, however, both serve to express the spirit and the thoughts of civilization.

The fields of expression covered by the two arts sometimes converge, the only difference being the means of expression. Hogarth says of his art: "I have endeavored to treat my subject as a dramatic writer, my picture is my stage, and my men and my women my players, who, by means of certain actions and gestures, are to exhibit a dumb show." Not only his obviously story-telling engravings, but also his rather satirical portraits prove his statement that he is entering into the literary field of thought. The character study is carefully done in both fields. Even the painting of scenes is not confined solely to art. The lengthy, exact descriptions of Dickens and the realistic, minute landscapes of his contemporaries show the same spirit. Similarly in modern times, the aims of the "Amy Lowell group" of poets, condensation, the presentation of an exact image, and the use of the language of common speech, find a parallel in the simplified style of some of the modern landscape painters. The picturing of what happens in our subconscious mind comes out of the works of men like James Joyce and also in the dreamy pictures of Redon.

Art rarely enters into the field of thought, and literature often does. The artist usually confines himself to expressing emotion, creating a design, or giving a representation of how scenes that he has seen have affected him. In these purposes he often parallels those of the poet and even the dramatist, who, however, are different as a rule by reason of bits of reflection or of general philosophizing.

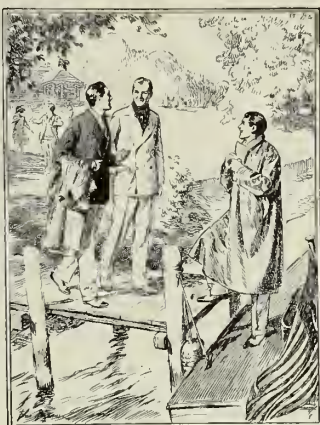


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